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Jay Neugeboren
SAY IT AIN'T SO!

John Garvey
CATHOLICS & SEX

ONE DOLLAR
MARCH 12, 1982

Catholic conscience & nuclear war

BISHOP ROGER MAHONY

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Correspondence

Mary Gordon, thanks

Austin, Tex.

To the Editors: Regarding Mary Gordon's piece in your January 15 issue ("Coming to Terms With Mary"), allow me to respond:

Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mary Gordon!

CATHERINE B. HEIMSATH

Muddled conviction

Kalamazoo, Mich.

To the Editors: Notwithstanding the very appreciative and complimentary letter of Most Rev. Carroll T. Dozier, Bishop of Memphis, regarding your editorial of Dec. 18, it seems to me that another correspondent, John Rieger, was much closer to the point of what is really at stake when he wrote: "For the first time since 1937, I have read an editorial in *Commonweal* which is of weak construction and is poorly written — 'The Bishops as Peacemakers' [Dec. 18]. Did you lack conviction.?"

Perhaps the failure in writing style comes from your effort to balance the teachings of the church against so-called national security considerations. The result appears as muddled conviction. It is no longer possible to straddle the issue in that manner. There are no national security considerations in the Gospel because there are no national security considerations in the Kingdom of God. As the American Catholic bishops move toward a definitive pastoral letter regarding the responsibility of Catholics for peace, it is becoming increasingly clear that *all* national security considerations must give way to the imperative of the Gospel. Moreover, even under natural law the state does not have the right of self-defense when the means chosen for that defense are suicidally genocidal.

There has been some talk of late concerning the possibility of the American Catholic church becoming a "peace church." Such a prospect is suggested at the end of your editorial where you write of "consolidating this unprecedented movement in the American church." Such consolidation is precisely what is not needed because it would simply present the "peace option" as one option among others for Catholics. What is desperately needed from the American bishops is a definitive and unequivocal pastoral letter regarding what Catholics may and may not do with respect to participation in the fratricidal preparations which are now the official policy of the American government. The only alternative, at this point, is universal incineration in the name of national security. No Catholic may embrace that alternative.

CHARLES E. KINZIE

Sanctions & limits

Margate, N.J.

To the Editors: Your comments on the Polish situation [Jan. 15] are among the most intelligent I have seen. You are correct in where you place the blame for this tragedy. The chief responsibility lies not with Solidarity's increasingly impossible demands — excesses to be expected in any frustrated popular movement — but in the failure of the Polish Communists to respond to the historical opportunity to show us a way out of the East-West impasse. You might have said something about the significance of the Jaruzelski coup — against the Party as well as Solidarity — as a portent for other faltering one-party Communist states (China, the USSR itself?). But, as you suggest, in the end the result of a failed martial law regime is still likely to be the very Soviet intervention the coup sought to forestall.

Your easy embrace of the Reagan administration's sanctions is another matter, however. A strong, concerted response of some kind by the Western democracies was certainly called for, but why not first go to the UN Security Council as the tribunal of world opinion? Weakening the Polish economy and thus punishing its people, driving them further into dependence on the USSR, hardly seems wise. For the U.S., moreover, simply to initiate punitive action on its own is to perpetuate the kind of international lawlessness that is so dangerous in the nuclear age. Clearly, the prudent limits on intervention in another superpower's sphere of influence need to be much more carefully delineated than your editorial does, particularly when the issue is so difficult as the devolution of the fundamental structures of that form of socialism imposed on all of Eastern Europe by bayonet after World War II. On the other hand, the USSR should know that there are limits to what the Western democracies will tolerate as acceptable in these situations.

A combination of setting such limits while rewarding moves toward greater liberality would appear to be the policy to be followed. It could just be that Solidarity was allowed to get as far as did (with still historically unmeasured results) largely because of the Polish government's desire to keep favor with the West, its banks, and its markets.

JOSEPH L. WALSH

Understanding Jaruzelski

Cape Breton, Nova Scotia

To the Editors: Solidarity is apparently to remain in existence despite Jaruzelski's military takeover. This is already more than was allowed to CUT in Chile or the COB in Bolivia. And while the repression has been brutal, I have heard no allegations of the kind of torture meted out to dissidents by the CIA-trained SAVAK in the late Shah's Iran, or by military regimes in Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Guatemala or El Salvador.

While Moscow has certainly pushed

(Continued on page 159)

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MORE ON CATHOLICS & NUCLEAR ARMS

RONALD REAGAN may turn out to be one of the most important figures in the history of the American Catholic church. That church has begun an examination of conscience on the issue of nuclear armaments that could, in the end, drastically alter the stance of American Catholics toward their society and their state. The nuclear weapons were in place before Reagan, of course: tens of thousands of warheads, ready to be launched at a moment's notice. President Carter had approved the MX in its unmitigated Rube Goldberg form (from which Mr. Reagan has prudently retreated). Carter's Presidential Directive 59, announcing a delicate counter-force policy of nuclear targeting, only formalized a long incipient strategy. The NATO decision to deploy Pershing II and cruise missiles was made in December 1979. The rumblings beneath the Catholic surface were there, as seen in Pax Christi's argument that SALT II had been vitiated by concessions made to the military and the legitimacy it lent to further procurement of weapons systems. Yet it took the Reagan administration, with its skepticism bordering on dismissal of all arms control negotiations, with its nearly apocalyptic view of American military weakness and a correspondingly vast program of armament, with its cavalier receptivity to talk of "winnable" nuclear wars and nuclear "war-fighting" capacity, that has finally ignited the smoldering concern into widespread revolt.

It is easy to see, and to welcome, the current "peace offensive" of many Catholic bishops, organizations, and religious spokespersons as a healthy reaction to the dangerous exaggerations and proposals of the current administration. But the matter goes deeper than that. One cannot protest the current extravagances of the nuclear arms race without being led, inexorably, to the moral abyss at the very heart of deterrence theory. It is that moral abyss, our nation's readiness to annihilate millions of noncombatants, in contradiction to all traditional teaching on the ethics of self-defense, that will eventually preoccupy Catholic leaders. For it must be said that the bishops' concern, quite rightly, has been less with the danger that we may all be victims of nuclear catastrophe (though any sane person fears that) than with the danger that we may be *inflicters* of it. Ths bishops' first responsibility is not to save our skins, or even our civilization, but our souls.

So far most of the bishops speaking out on the nuclear issue have endorsed bilateral disarmament, perhaps with unilateral initiatives to begin the process; they believe the United States can rely on a much more limited deterrent while striving for a mutual elimination of nuclear weapons; they recognize that Soviet military power is a threat to the peace and freedom of other nations, and they allow for the resort to armed self-defense even while they hope that nonviolent means of struggling against oppression can be fostered. However far removed from the mood in Washington, these are moderate positions, and ones respectful of political realities. Between these positions, however, and the arguments that accompany them there is,

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if not a gap, at least something of a disjunction. This becomes clear as soon as one contemplates the extreme unlikelihood of the two superpowers actually moving toward a meaningful reduction of nuclear arms, and the virtual certainty that they would not go so far as to abolish their nuclear deterrents altogether — a step that no one close to power on either side seems to advocate. It matters little who is to "blame" for this paralysis. The principle forbidding direct annihilation of noncombatants is not revoked because it is the Soviets, say, who decline to respond proportionately to an American offer to negotiate or even to a unilateral U.S. cut in weaponry. The "interim deterrent" would remain on as questionable a moral basis as ever.

Furthermore the nature of a *minimal* interim deterrent is highly problematic. To begin with, the minimal deterrent that most people envision consists of a limited number of nuclear weapons openly and directly targeted on cities — in other words, except for the smaller number of warheads, the very epitome of the kind of warfare condemned at Vatican II. In addition, deterrence is not a simple or static reality. It has psychological, political, and technological dismensions. To make sure that these weapons are actually never used out of panic or miscalculated confidence, both sides must constantly make adjustments, foreseeing technological breakthroughs, defining political aims, insuring psychological credibility. That process provides ample room for the proliferation of think-tank abstractions and the ulterior quest for advantage rather than stability, and so it is tempting to reject the whole business out of hand. Yet without this process of modernization and updating, a minimal deterrent would eventually become either meaningless or risky.

Because the moral case against the deterrent would remain independently of whether the U.S. had made good-willed initiatives toward disarmament, and because the notion of a minimal interim deterrent is further burdened with moral questions, even the arguments of episcopal advocates of bilateralism exert a strong pressure for *unilateral* nuclear disarmament. There is, in addition, a psychological pressure in the same direction. It arises from the assymetry between the societies of the contending nuclear powers. Soviet decision-making is not open to political pressure, barely even to scrutiny. Not only do Americans have some political leverage on their government (and as a consequence feel more responsible for its actions), American reformers, in particular, are apt to experience a keener disappointment at what they consider a betrayal of native ideals. All this causes the weight of disarmament arguments, even when couched in bilateral terms, to press largely on the U.S.

In short, the undercurrent of the Catholic "peace offensive" is toward unilateral nuclear disarmament. Many will welcome this fact. Others will point out that unilateral nuclear disarmament is likely to be rejected by a majority of Americans; and, indeed, were such a movement to gather considerable force in one of the two superpowers alone, that it could itself become a destabilizing element in the balance of terror which would still prevail. Still others would argue that if the church is going to demand an end to reliance on nuclear weaponry, without becoming pacifist, it will have to direct serious attention toward conventional military means of defense. Some observers may even question whether the momentum toward unilateral nuclear disarmament that we detect is present in the Catholic debate at all. We think it's there. We think it has compelling moral arguments behind it. We think it could have large effects, both good and bad, on the church's place in American society and on the peacemaking process. We think, in sum, that it deserves serious and prayerful discussion.

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

LIVING WITH THE FEAR

THE BENEFITS OF FAMILIARITY

LAST SPRING I had lunch in Washington with S., a young theoretical physicist who had switched to defense work. He's blond and slight, wears gold-rimmed glasses, curls his upper lip when he laughs. I think he's in his late twenties, but he looks much younger. His temperament is trusting, literal, and serious. He had been living in Washington for nearly a year but I had to pick the restaurant. He told me he ate lunch in the same cafeteria every day, and never went out in the evening. He worked most Saturdays, and sometimes on Sunday as well.

For the last couple of years S. and I have been conducting a kind of intermittent argument. I say we can't defend ourselves with nuclear weapons, down this road disaster lies. He says he's not sure, he doesn't see how we can get rid of them, he still has a lot to learn about defense policy, and besides, it's worked so far, hasn't it? We go back and forth.

When I first met him he had an office at the Kennedy School of Government in Cambridge, where he was doing technical studies on weapons policy. He had been plucked from pure physics by a Harvard professor with a long history in bomb design and work as a consultant for the Department of Defense. The path between science and defense has been well-traveled since WW II. Modern weapons are technically sophisticated and planning for their use in war demands a spirit of scientific rigor and detachment.

But S. had a personal reason for giving up physics, the first love of his life. He was afraid of nuclear weapons — that is, afraid they might be used — but without, by his standards, knowing much about them. There is a lot more to bombs than

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fission and fusion, pure and simple, and much of it is classified. His professors in graduate school sometimes slid around certain subjects with vague disclaimers. Many of them had worked at Los Alamos or the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory near San Francisco. The bomb is the crowning product of the twentieth century's revolution in physics, but for S. it remained a kind of separate country with sealed borders. He was afraid of the bomb and at the same time wanted to know more about it. So he took up defense work, and told himself the switch was temporary.

What S. learned about the weapons was troubling but inconclusive. On the one hand was their mighty destructive power. On the other was the confidence of highly qualified men that we could live with them indefinitely if we only remained sober in their management, and alert to Soviet weapons development. This confidence is a given in the world of defense consultants. S. met no one who thought of nuclear weapons as weapons in the usual sense, useful tools for achieving limited military objectives. They were too destructive and numerous for that. The idea was to maintain a kind of permanent standoff by threatening retaliation for any nuclear attack, without ever threatening the other side's ability to retaliate as well. The hard part was to avoid upsetting the balance by ill-considered technical improvements in the weapons themselves. S. thought this possible. I thought not. That was the beginning of our running argument.

Not long after I met him S. moved again — to the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment in Washington where he worked on a study of the proposed MX missile system. Like everything he did, the move was deliberate. He wanted to know more about the actual process of reaching decisions on important defense issues, and he wasn't quite sure if the MX would make us safer, by convincing the Soviets they could never catch us napping, or threaten us, by giving the Soviets a compelling reason to strike first in a crisis. S. figured it had to be one or the other, and he assumed that hard analysis would help him decide which it was. He thought of this as a hard problem, not an impossible problem. For the best part of a year he immersed himself in the minutiae of MX. When we had lunch last spring we discussed two things at length -- the fact MX would be accurate and powerful enough to destroy Russian land-based missiles in a first strike, a prospect the Russians are bound to find alarming -- and roses. S. wanted to send a dozen roses to a girl he knew, but he was having a hard time deciding between regular roses and long-stemmed roses. The long stems are much more expensive, and he wasn't sure the girl in question would know the difference. If she didn't, why go to the extra expense? We reasoned it back and forth.

Fear of the bomb is a sometime thing. It comes and goes. Most people "know" the bomb is a problem, but they know it the same way they know that oil is running out, the burning of fossil fuels may be heating up the Earth, farmland in the Midwest is losing fifty or a hundred tons of topsoil per acre per year, the forests of the Amazon are being cut down, the Sahara desert is creeping south, acid rain is poisoning our lakes, we are running out of water, and so on and so forth. All promise doom. Who can solve so many problems? We have got to get up in the morning whether they are solved or not. It is easy and natural to draw a line between things you can do something about, and things you can do nothing about. Into this latter category, for most people most of the time, falls the bomb. We might call this denial, or just a sense of helplessness.

But occasionally the danger sinks in and takes hold, as it did for S. in graduate school. The problem then is to learn to live with it, which is not easy to do. The weapons seem ineradicable. They loom in the background of every international crisis. It is not clear what is to be done. Proposals to solve the problem are mostly utopian, or so modest in scope they amount to gestures of despair. There is no way to *think* one's way out of danger. But at the same time, human nature rebels against perpetual fear. Sooner or later, the mind is going to quit being afraid. Some people begin to dream of escape, either by going someplace the bomb won't follow — to New Zealand, say, or Chile — or by preparing to survive right here.

"Survivalism" has got a bad name, not because it represents an impossible fantasy, but because its focus is narrowly personal, even selfish in its way. We can't all go to New Zealand — indeed, New Zealand doesn't want any of us — and we can't all prepare to survive right here, since the first step is to get out of the target areas. This is the reef which sank the ambitious civil defense programs of the late 1950s. There are lots of things which might be done to help people survive the after-effects of a nuclear war, but not all the people. Some have to be written off. No democracy can be expected to fund such a program. When he was governor of New York Nelson Rockefeller once proposed an expensive plan to subsidize backyard fallout shelters. It was pointed out that many people in New York do not have backyards, including five or six million in New York City. Another inherent weakness in civil defense is that it requires an admission these expensive preparations may be necessary, a message so bleak no administration can long bear to insist on it as a matter of policy. Preparations for war can be disguised as "defense," but preparations for disaster speak for themselves. The result has been a thirty-year history of intermittent, irresolute, ill-considered, often downright silly civil defense programs which will not offer much defense when the time comes.

But individuals can sometimes do what governments cannot. People who move out of target areas won't be killed in them. People who have stored food won't starve. People with refuge from fallout won't contract radiation disease. Kerosene lamps will provide light when the power lines are down. Woodstoves will give heat when oil deliveries come to a halt. A stock of seeds will serve to plant a garden when Burpee is no longer filling mail orders. The basic steps are all obvious ones.

Survivalism is now a light industry in the United States, and while much of it seems obsessed with childish dreams of a return to frontier days, much is not. The Mormon church, for example, takes the matter entirely seriously. Its members

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are required to stockpile a year's supply of food, and many of them do. Mormon opposition to one version of the MX missile system, which would have turned large areas of Utah into a target, was apparently based on sensible reluctance to invite such a danger. Mormon survival programs may prove inadequate, but they are not foolish. I once met two staffers on the National Security Council, both men deeply involved in nuclear weapons policy, who were stocking food in the cellar of a summer house in the Shenandoah Mountains. They were frightened, and they were tired of feeling helpless. The scale of a nuclear war might easily overwhelm a lone citizen's frail preparations, but then again it might not. It all depends. For some people, preparing to survive a nuclear war is a way of conquering the fear of it.

But most people seriously worried about nuclear weapons choose another way to live with the danger. Once, after giving a talk in my local church, I was asked how I coped with all this depressing knowledge. I wasn't sure what to say; it seemed to me I coped with it very badly. But after awhile I saw that in fact I handled it in the same way as the young physicist, S. We didn't try to escape it. Just the opposite. *We pushed up as close to it as possible*. We immersed ourselves in the details, learned how the weapons all worked, read all the strategic literature, thought about it obsessively. Somehow this intimate knowledge has a soothing effect. I don't mean to say it is reassuring; it is not. But familiarity, over time, drains away the fear.

In our world there are two groups of people obsessed by nuclear weapons — the men who design them, build them, aim them, and prepare to fire them; and those who fear the first group does not know what it is doing. Many issues divide the two groups, but on one thing they are in agreement: the awful destructive power of the weapons. I have rarely heard someone in the defense community make a slighting or dismissive reference to the danger posed by nuclear war. But they have conquered the fear just as S. did, by pushing right up close to the weapons. Some of these defense professionals have been thinking and talking about nuclear weapons for thirty years or more. When they speak now it is with the equanimity of long, easy intimacy. They have not ceased to respect the weapons, but they have learned to live with the fear. Talking to them is a little like talking to a doctor about cancer.

They say that surgeons are motivated by the fear of death, and conquer the fear by plunging their very hands deep into the stuff of mortality. Afraid of blood and trauma, they push right up close to them, and learn to live with them as daily companions. The final reassurance, I suppose, is to hold the scalpel in their hands, to wield the thing they fear.

One afternoon last fall, S. telephoned me from Washington. Right away — no preamble at all — he told me he had decided on the long-stemmed roses, she loved them, and she didn't know the difference. Then he said he had a new job. He'd learned everything he could at OTA, he didn't want to go to the Pentagon, there was still a lot he didn't know about the weapons themselves. So he was going out to California, to the Livermore Lab, to resume — after a fashion — the practice of physics. He was going to design nuclear warheads.

I told him to keep in touch.

THOMAS POWERS

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

CATHOLICS & SEX

BEYOND 'HOW FAR CAN YOU GO?'

THE NATIONAL news recently told of a man and woman in the Catholic diocese of Joliet, Illinois. They were refused permission to marry in the Catholic church on the grounds that a spinal injury had left the man impotent. Because he could not have a normal sexual relationship with his wife he couldn't have a wife at all, according to the priest who refused his permission for the marriage. Here a law which ought to have been a protection for the wife (you marry someone, find out after the ceremony that he's impotent; you should have a way out) was turned against a couple who knew the score in advance and still wanted to be together. A very short time thereafter the bishop of the diocese said that the couple could marry after all, but not before the country had been offered an embarrassing look at the legalism which poisons too many Catholic approaches to sex and marriage.

In many respects the picture of Catholicism as a uniquely awful school of sexual guilt is a caricature. Once, by coincidence, I ran across references to Catholic guilt, Jewish guilt, and Protestant guilt during a three-day period. Catholics really don't have a monopoly on the phenomenon. And guilt has its uses: there are times when I ought to feel guilty, because I've behaved badly. Guilt, when it isn't the morbid and never-ending sort, is the heart's way of telling you not to behave badly again.

A strictly therapeutic, value-free approach to sex is one extreme, finally a heartless one, but the way a lot of us were taught is another. The sixth and ninth commandments were the only two which didn't seem to have any venial sins attached — everything in this area was fraught with eternal peril. Sex had less to do with love and commitment (not to speak of mutual pleasure) than with picking your way across a minefield of possible mortal sins. While there was some talk of sex as beautiful and holy it was pretty ethereal. At the practical level there were manuals of moral theology which insisted that unless a sexual act could lead to impregnation it was illicit, and which said that a woman had a duty to submit sexually to a drunken or abusive husband. (I know: the same book would have said that it was wrong for the husband to be abusive and drunk. There

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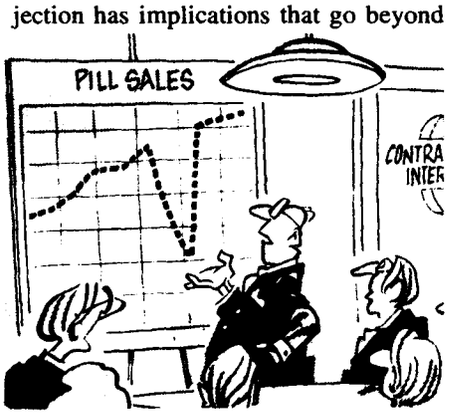
is still something ugly here.)

Humanae Vitae spelled the beginning of the end of this attitude. Catholics who had tried for years to follow church teaching in matters relating to sex and marriage decided not to bother. The reason may be that after Vatican II there was a dawning sense that the laity were not merely clients of the clergy but were the church, every bit as much as those ordained to administer the sacraments. There are other reasons, though, and they have to do with the encyclical itself, and the context in which it was issued. Although *Humanae Vitae* is considered a dead issue by many, because everyone seems to have come to a firm opinion about its absolute ban on artificial contraception, its arguments and their widespread rejection remain important. The encyclical's real insights were easily ignored, because so much emphasis was given to the rejection of artificial contraception.

The context in which *Humanae Vitae* was issued made its acceptance unlikely. When the rhythm method was declared to be an acceptable way to limit family size, a contraceptive intention was also accepted. The argument against the rhythm method had been that these things ought to be left to providence; now it was considered all right to limit the size of your family, so long as the technique was an acceptable one. The hope of people practicing natural family planning is that this particular sexual act, while it might in some technical sense be "open to the transmission of life," won't *really* be. Their hearts are where the hearts of people using artificial contraception are; it is their method that is different. Now technique, not intention, became the debating point. Hydraulics rather than the heart was the locus of moral concern. And there were other questions: isn't time in its way a physical thing? It is argued that the use of natural family planning demands restraint and self-sacrifice; but it has to be demonstrated that there is a good reason to prefer a less effective means of preventing conception to a more effective one, because the unstated assumption behind this argument is that it is better to do without sex on a periodic basis than it is to make love, and, given the contraceptive intention of both rhythm and artificial contraception, it has to be shown why this ought to be preferred. In any good marriage restraint and self-denial will show up often enough without having to build them into the system.

In the years before *Humanae Vitae* there was a widespread feeling that the church was headed towards change on this issue, and indeed it was, although the change is not quite what anyone anticipated then. The Vatican itself was plainly affected by this feeling, and encouraged it with the formation of a papal commission which looked into the issue. The fact that a commission was asked to do this was understood as a clear indication that contraception was an open question. The commission recommended changes in the traditional teaching. Its recommendations were ignored, *Humanae Vitae* was issued, and in its turn it too was ignored. Pope Paul said that the church was not in doubt, but that part of the church most intimately involved in the sacrament of marriage plainly did not accept his reading of the mind of the church.

This was a radical change. For one thing, the authority of the hierarchy to speak in a binding way in the area of sex and marriage was quietly rejected by most married couples, without an apparent crisis of faith. Some eighty percent of married Catholic couples of childbearing age who regularly go to communion also use some form of artificial contraception. The decline in confessions makes it clear that they also do not regard this as a matter which requires absolution. The radical nature of this rejection has implications that go beyond



"The pope's visit, you see . . ."

the question of marriage: if the hierarchy aren't authoritative here, are they in other matters? Can what they say in any area be accepted without question? This sort of probing used to be the preserve of Catholic intellectuals; it was not, before *Humanae Vitae*, common at the parochial level. No one denies the need for the hierarchy, but their place in the church is clearly not what it was from the time of the counter-reformation until Vatican II, and it won't go back to being what it was. This may be deplored by those for whom the hierarchy's unquestionable authority represented security, or it may be celebrated by those who believe that the hierarchy's function involves a more profound listening than the history of *Humanae Vitae* reveals, but it is a fact of Catholic life in either case.

And it has created a vacuum. The old form of authority can't fill it; there is no new form of authority or question-answering which can. The problem is not the confusion of people who would be set straight by clear and unambiguous answers, as some conservatives argue; people who want clear and unambiguous answers will always be able to find them. The problem is that there are important questions which have pastoral implications, and they are not being dealt with well. Some of them involve sex.

If the acceptance of the rhythm method was the camel's nose under the tent, a whole caravan began to force its way in behind the first camel. If rhythm, with its use of that physical thing, time, was a permissible way to limit family size, why not other means of arriving at the same result? Natural law got stretched very thin in some of these arguments. (Karl Barth wrote to Paul VI to suggest that one problem with *Humanae Vitae* was that it raised natural law philosophy to the level of revelation.) But the problem goes deeper than that: if the rhythm method was allowed because it enabled people to limit their family's size, the other side of that coin is an acknowledgment that sex is a good thing, or at the very least not a bad thing, quite apart from its reproductive possibilities. This is hardly news, and it had been celebrated in the wider Catholic culture for years, but its official acknowledgment opened all sorts of

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problems with traditional Catholic approaches to some difficult sexual questions. One of them involves homosexuality. Catholic moral theology never said that it was wrong to be homosexual — in this it was more humane than fundamentalism. Since homosexuality, like heterosexuality, is not primarily a matter of choice, the fact of being homosexual cannot be considered a moral problem. But moral theologians did maintain that homosexual acts —like the acts of heterosexuals which are not "open to the transmission of life" — are sinful, and more or less for the same reason: because they cannot be procreative and are therefore unnatural. I know of at least one moral theologian who has rejected contraception on the grounds that its logic leads to an acceptance of the possibility that homosexuality may not require celibacy. It could be argued that the current state of our knowledge ought to require some humility here, and an acknowledgment that there is a lot we simply do not know.

Still, despite our lack of knowledge, there are things which need to be said. There are people whose implicit argument is that sex is the one area in which there can be no prohibitions, the one area of life in which anything done between consenting adults is OK. A definitely vile bunch has argued recently that children are fair game for adult sexual advances. The problem is that consenting adults can agree to defraud, deceive, rob, mug, or torment others. Sexuality, however private it may be, has a social resonance and leads to social obligations which go beyond the tiny circle drawn around two consenting adults to include a wider set of relationships.

Despite its legalism, *Humanae Vitae* said some things about the contraceptive mentality which needed to be said. For one thing, it condemned the belief that one must always be in control of one's life; the scientistic notion that we are most human when we are absolutely in control was pointed out as a danger. The emphasis on natural family planning is an attempt to keep us from severing our link to a world we are part of, not simply in charge of. The separation of sex from reproduction has not been an unmixed blessing; it has led, to give one example, to a belief that a pregnancy must be either a deliberate choice or a contraceptive failure. This implies that life, to be of value, depends on our choice, our welcoming. The life that happens by "accident" or despite "precautions" is felt to be less valuable. This is not a healthy or decent attitude. Nor is the attitude which regards any suffering, inconvenience, or call to sacrifice as an evil to be got rid of. *Humanae Vitae* addressed those questions, but because its legalistic conclusions didn't square with the experience of the people to whom it was addressed it was dismissed. its genuine insights deserve rescuing, and an evangelistic, rather than legalistic, presentation.

The problem with legalism here is that it does not address the whole of a human situation. While there are certainly problems with the contraceptive mentality, important ones, an anti-contraceptive mentality carries its own set of problems as well. While it makes more room for the unexpected, and calls on people to make sacrifices, the sacrifices are sometimes much too severe and would not be considered blessed in another context. The obituaries of the nineteenth century are full of women who died in childbirth, and of men who died after having been married three or four times, fathering several children by each wife. Childbearing led to the death of many of those women. There are problems with the contraceptive mentality; there are at least as many with the mentality which finds contraception simply an evil.

In trying to see these questions clearly we have to admit, first of all, that we can't. No one is objective about sex. For too many years celibates told non-celibates what they ought to be about, sexually, without listening much to the people whose experience included years of lovemaking. A sex-obsessed age assumes that celibates must be neurotic or undersexed, and celibates are seen as people who could not possibly have chosen their way of life freely; this also is absurd. Heterosexuals assume that homosexuals are sick; but that would be impossible to know, since if homosexuality were simply the sexual equivalent of left-handedness, as some have suggested, we would have to see it without the layers of prejudice with which our culture has surrounded it. (Is a monogamous homosexual sicker than a heterosexual Don Juan? Is anyone completely healthy here?)

Nobody is very clear about this mysterious and fascinating mess. We talk a lot about needs when we mean powerful wants; people break up marriages on that ground. Our age is clearly weird where sex is concerned; so was Augustine's. We have to remember that after more than a million years of evolution, including the evolution of human sexuality, the human race has had only a comparatively few thousand years of the sort of culture which asks questions about itself. During that time we have produced Buddhist monastic writings which say that monks who have erotic dreams have failed their discipline, Jewish proscriptions against making love to menstruating women, Biblical fundamentalists who insist that a man must be his wife's master, Catholic manuals of moral theology which say that masturbation is mortally sinful. A lot of what we regard as Christian doctrine on this subject comes from Greek philosophy, which was at odds with the Jewish acceptance of the flesh as good.

People who want clear behavioral guidelines are in for a bad time these days. I haven't been in a Catholic high school classroom for years, but I wouldn't be surprised if fewer adolescents ask their teachers how far they can go. Aside from such obvious things as condemnation of adultery and a general rejection of divorce, the New Testament has very little to say about sex, which is probably just as well. Our guidelines include loving our neighbor as we love ourselves, and forgiving one another as we have been forgiven. That plays hell with people who want to be legalistic about matters which have to do, finally, with compassion and tenderness. If there is any rule about sex it must involve those things, and unselfishness, and fidelity to the commitments you've made, as well as an awareness of the possibility of self-deception, which is the easiest thing in the world to fall into. Beyond that, I really don't know. I don't think anybody does.

JOHN GARVEY

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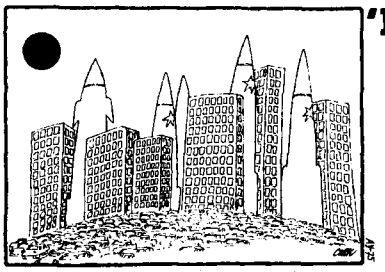

'BECOMING A CHURCH OF PEACE ADVOCACY'

The Catholic conscience & nuclear war

By last November, when the Catholic bishops met in Washington, the American public had begun to grow aware of an unprecedented discussion among Catholics of the morality of U.S. nuclear arms policy. At that time, over forty American Catholic bishops – including the last and the present president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops – had, in one form or another, protested that policy; and the commission established by the N.C.C.B. to examine war-peace issues was deeply immersed in its work.

Since then, the discussion has continued unabated. Cardinal Cooke reaffirmed traditional just-war teachings in a letter to military chaplains last December, and argued that the church found the "strategy of nuclear deterrence morally tolerable; not satisfactory, but tolerable." Duluth Bishop Paul Anderson urged Catholics in his diocese to sign an adaptation of the New Abolitionist Covenant pledging that they will advocate "a nuclear weapons freeze" and press "our government and others to eliminate nuclear weapons." Bishop William McManus of Fort Wayne and South Bend, Indiana, issued a New Year's message on "Thinking Morally about Nuclear Weaponry"; Bishop McManus avoided "hard-and-fast moral rules" but insisted on the real and immediate threat of nuclear war, the need to limit armaments, and the necessity of reaching a moral decision on deterrence. In Seattle, Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen announced he will refuse to pay half his federal income tax as a protest against the rise in nuclear arms.

Despite the potentially great significance of this movement for both church and state, most American Catholics are familiar with the arguments only as they are quoted in news stories or editorial columns. Few have had the chance to read the statements of the bishops in full. For that reason we are pleased to publish here the text, with a few minor omissions, of a recent pastoral letter by the Most Rev. Roger Mahony, Bishop of Stockton, California, whose arguments probably represent a middle ground among those saying "no" to the current direction of U.S. military policy. We hope that presentation of Bishop Mahony's views will advance consideration of an issue that is obviously of crucial importance.

THE EDITORS

ROGER MAHONY

THE SECRETARY OF STATE in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet resigned his office in 1915 in order to avoid a conflict of conscience connected with taking steps that might lead to war. William Jennings Bryan tendered his resignation, he explained, not because he was an absolute pacifist — he was not — but because involvement in preparation for war was in conflict with his personal vocation to be a "peace advocate."

The Roman Catholic church, as is well known, has never held a position of absolute pacifism. It accepts the premise that one can legitimately resist evil by force in justified self-defense. It has espoused a complex moral reasoning about the right to declare and engage in warfare known as "the just-war theory." Nevertheless, in recent years, more and more Catholics — our popes, bishops in this country and elsewhere, theologians and other scholars, and conscientious priests, religious and lay Catholics throughout the world — have increasingly asked: how can we become, truly, advocates of peace?

Today I add my voice to the growing chorus of Catholic protests against the arms race because I believe the current arms policy of our nation, as well as the Soviet Union, has long since exceeded the bounds of justice and moral legitimacy. Moreover, the arms race makes it impossible effectively to end the urgent crisis of world hunger. It can no longer be tolerated.

Each day we permit it to continue without protest it perpetuates itself by becoming embedded in our everyday habits and attitudes. What is needed, instead, is a radical change of our hearts and our attitudes — a new awareness of our calling to be a people dedicated to peace.

I have said that the Roman Catholic church is not a pacifist church, but this needs some qualification. The bishops of the

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world at the Second Vatican Council asserted their strong support for those individual Catholics who adopt a position of absolute pacifism. Their words bear repeating here: ". . . we cannot fail to praise those who renounce the use of violence in the vindication of their rights and who resort to methods of defense which are otherwise available to weaker parties too, provided that this can be done without injury to the rights and duties of others or of the community itself."

The same Vatican Council document also states: "It seems right that laws make humane provisions for the case of those who for reasons of conscience refuse to bear arms, provided however, that they accept some other form of service to the human community."

We American bishops extended the range of this principle by supporting the right to "conscientious objection" of Catholics who conclude in conscience, following the reasoning of the just-war theory, that some particular war of their nation is unjust, even if they are not opposed to all wars in principle. In 1971 we advocated that American law recognize the right to selective conscientious objection as the legitimate extension of our First Amendment rights to free exercise of religious conscience.

It is even more important to recall that the moral reasoning involved in classic just-war theory led the bishops at the Second Vatican Council to declare that a form of nuclear pacifism is a weighty and unexceptional obligation of Christians. This means that any use of nuclear weapons, and by implication, any intention to use them, is always morally — and gravely — a serious evil. No Catholic can ever support or cooperate with the planning or executing of policies to use, or which by implication intend to use nuclear weapons, even in a defensive posture, let alone in a "first strike" against another nation.

This Catholic version of nuclear pacifism follows directly from just-war premises. According to this tradition of moral reasoning, aggressive or "first strike" wars are always immoral. The legitimacy of a defensive use of force depends on certain conditions. One such condition is that there be specific, limited objectives in going to war. Others include: the immunity of non-combatants from direct attack, and the proportionality of specific tactics and weapons to the purpose of the war. Since nuclear weapons involve indiscriminate and massive violence committed against civilian populations, their employment or contemplated use can never be morally permitted. Indeed, the closest thing to an anathema in all of the Second Vatican Council documents are the plain words of *The Church in the Modern World* which enjoin a form of nuclear pacifism on the Catholic conscience: "Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or of extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation."

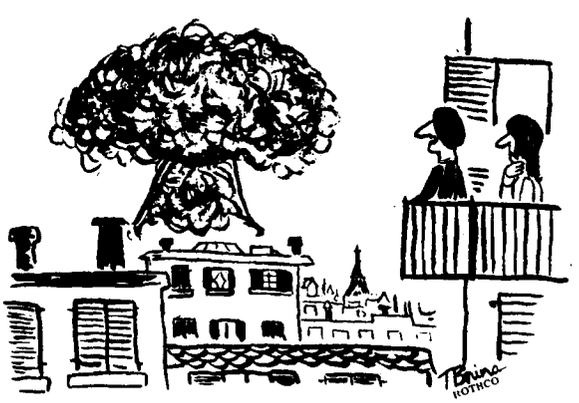
The bishops were not inventing a new position in this regard, but following the consistent and repeated teaching of the church since the beginning of the "Atomic Age." On the basis of the just-war theory, during World War II, leading Catholic moral theologians in our own country condemned the use of atomic weapons in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as well as the obliteration bombings of Dresden and Tokyo.

The majority of American Catholic journals, too, in dissent from the wider American public but decidedly in continuity with Catholic moral thinking, condemned the use of atomic weapons in Japan. The prominent Catholic layman, Thomas E. Murray, a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, pronounced three practices of the Allies during World War II immoral and barbaric by the standards of Catholic moral teaching: obliteration bombing, the demand for unconditional surrender, and the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This Catholic position on nuclear pacifism has been repeated over and over by Popes John XXIII, Paul VI, and John Paul II. It was affirmed again by the 1974 World Synod of Bishops. In 1976, we American bishops confirmed it once again in our collective Pastoral Letter, "To Live in Christ Jesus."

Nor is this nuclear pacifism — this conviction that any use of nuclear weapons or, by implication, intention to actually use them is morally indefensible — a uniquely Catholic position. The World Council of Churches at its New Delhi Assembly in 1961 uttered words similar to those of the Second Vatican Council: "Christians must also maintain that the use of nuclear weapons, or other forms of major violence, against centers of population is in no circumstances reconcilable with the demands of the Christian gospel."

Indeed, the great physicists, Enrico Fermi and I.I. Rabi, wrote in the addendum to the report by the General Advisory Committee of the Atomic Energy Commission in 1949: "It is clear that the use of such a weapon cannot be justified on any ethical ground which gives a human being a certain individuality and dignity, even if he happens to be a resident of an enemy country. The fact that no limits exist to the destructiveness of this weapon makes its very existence and the knowledge of its construction a danger to humanity as a whole. It is necessarily an evil thing considered in any light."

Now, thirty-two years and fifty thousand nuclear weapons later, the question of whether the use of nuclear weapons can be justified on any ethical grounds is rarely heard in our national debates and almost never in formal arms negotiations. All attention is riveted on questions such as how to put a ceiling



"IT'S JUST A WARNING SHOT. GO BACK TO SLEEP."

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on the further growth in numbers of weapons, for example, by limiting the number of warheads to no more than ten per ICBM or fourteen per sea-launched ballistic missile.

It is the absence of this moral dimension in our public policy discussions and a growing moral callousness which permits some government officials to speak publicly and rashly of "limited" and "winnable" nuclear wars. This has impelled me to add my voice to the growing number of American bishops who are calling for a fundamental about-face in the arms race.

FOR SOME TIME many Christian moralists have held that the possession of nuclear weapons as a deterrent — but never their use or the intention to actually use them — is morally permissible.

They have reasoned that the threat of nuclear retaliation may in fact be preventing the use of nuclear weapons. Moreover, they have argued that condemning the possession of nuclear weapons as a deterrent without suggesting practical political and military alternatives is, at best, politically inadequate and, at worst, dangerously naive.

Just as the right to legitimate defense is not a justification for unleashing any and every form of destruction, so moral arguments for the possession of nuclear weapons for deterrence do not constitute support for every national arms policy that is advanced in the name of deterrence. The only possible Catholic support for a national nuclear deterrence policy depends on three related moral judgments: first, that the primary moral imperative is to prevent any use of nuclear weapons under any circumstances; secondly, that the possession of nuclear weapons is always an evil which could, at best, be tolerated, but only if the deterrence strategy is used in order to make progress on arms limitation and reductions; and thirdly, that the ultimate goal of what remains, at best, an interim deterrence policy is the eventual elimination of nuclear arms and of the threat of mutual assured destruction.

We need to look, then, at the facts of the arms race to see whether: (1) ours is truly an interim deterrence policy aimed at reducing the risks of any use of nuclear weapons; (2) to see whether the framework of deterrence is actually used to reduce arms; and (3) to see whether our goal is really a world free of nuclear threats and terror. It is my judgment that the present United States and Soviet arms policy does not meet the demands of any of these three premises.

Since the first use of an atomic bomb in 1945, the risk of actually using nuclear weapons has escalated in a staggering way. Today we can explode the equivalent of one and a half million Hiroshima bombs. In the past three years alone, we have increased the destructive power of our nuclear arsenal by fifty percent. Now we are about to embark on the largest single arms build-up in our national history. Having spent over one trillion dollars on defense in the past ten years, we now plan to spend a trillion dollars more in the coming four years and another trillion dollars in the three years after that. Long ago, it would seem, we have ceased looking at deterrence as an interim policy aimed at genuine arms reduction.

Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara estimated that a force of 100 nuclear weapons, with explosive yields of no more than fifty kilotons each would suffice as a "deterrent," because it would be capable of destroying twenty-five percent of the Soviet population, some sixty-five million people, as well as fifty percent of all Soviet industrial capacity. A more cautious estimate assumes that 400 "warheads would constitute a more than adequate deterrence capability." Merely two of our thirty-one Poseidon submarines would, on this basis, be sufficient to guarantee this capability — if deterrence were our real goal. Instead of 400 warheads, we presently have a total of 11, 893 and we plan to build another 18,500 by 1990.

Furthermore, the deterrence envisioned by the tenuous Catholic moral toleration of possession of nuclear weapons as a permissible evil is aimed at deterring the use of other nuclear weapons against us. It is not morally permissible to use nuclear weapons to deter mere conventional warfare. Yet the United States possesses 22,000 tactical nuclear weapons designed for the purpose of use in conventional wars. The neutron bomb, for example, is designed mainly to deter Soviet tanks, not other nuclear bombs. In fact, our nation has either threatened to use or actually planned to use nuclear weapons against conventional forces on at least nine occasions. Richard Ellis, of the U.S. Strategic Air Command, testified recently that "deterrence can no longer be neatly divided into subgroups such as nuclear and conventional. It must be viewed as an interrelated single entity."

CLEARLY, WE HAVE moved beyond true deterrence to the production and use of nuclear weapons as an assertion of our national superiority. We are being urged to use our nuclear arsenal as "bargaining chips" for diplomatic and political adventures far beyond questions of deterrence. "Bargaining chips" is the language used by the defense establishment, which also speaks of "a menu of flexible nuclear options." As Richard Barnet has recently asserted: "Once the nuclear force is regarded as a 'flexible' instrument for achieving purposes beyond the crude one of deterring a nuclear attack with the threat of an all-out counterattack on Soviet society, the arms race becomes a never-ending, infinitely escalating contest."

The moral justification for an interim deterrence policy flows from the right of a nation and its people to security. But no nation or people has any right to total supremacy, or superiority in "bargaining chips," or any of the other goals of the new "flexible" nuclear policy. By seeking for something other than a legitimate right to security through limited deterrence capability, we have actually been escalating the risks of nuclear war and undermining the real security of our own nation and the rest of the world.

Though deterrence does not require it, we continue to improve the complex computerized accuracy of our weapons, with the concomitant risks of a computer error triggering a nuclear assault, or of decisions to "launch under attack" being made by people far removed from the president and Joint Chiefs of Staff.

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Since President Carter's Presidential Directive 59 announced in August of 1980, we have also shifted away from a policy of deterrence to a "counter-force" first-strike strategy which does not and cannot make us or anyone else more secure. Now we are constructing weapons such as the cruise missile which would elude any verification. These new weapons, in principle, impede any possible arms-limitation agreements between the U.S. and the USSR. We are designing weapons, unneeded for deterrence, which will make it more difficult to achieve genuine bilateral reductions in arms.

The very use of the term, "deterrence," in moral argument has become very dangerous because of its ambiguities. We now need to distinguish between legitimate deterrence strategies and the rhetoric of a spurious "deterrence" within which hawks on each side of the East/West divide compete to increase arms and provocations, envision fictitious gaps and windows of vulnerability, enter unending inconclusive negotiations which do not really stop the arms race and accelerate our drift toward nuclear collision.

Recently we have heard public officials speak foolishly and imprudently of "limited" and "winnable" nuclear wars, as if to prepare us to accept and accustom ourselves to such a moral monstrosity. We have all become so numbed, so used to the nuclear umbrella, that we forget that less than a decade ago no responsible statesman, on either side, ever spoke of actually using nuclear weapons. With the present escalation in the arms race, there has also been an escalation in the rhetoric of threats and expectations and conceivable risks. The attitude that it is possible to "win" a nuclear war assumes that there is no longer any such thing as an unacceptable level of population loss. Any level of loss is apparently acceptable so long as ou side "wins." In the face of such arrogance, such aridity of feeling and moral bankruptcy, we must not remain silent. This has never been and is not now a position that Catholics can, in any way, endorse or even merely tolerate or leave unchallenged.

WITH THE ONE exception of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, which outlawed all above-ground nuclear detonations, there has not really been any reduction in the arms race. Even the Salt I agreement, in 1972, which placed some limits on the quantity of American and Soviet ICBMs and sea-launched ballistic missiles, in no way placed limits on new improvements in the precision, reliability, or explosive yield of those weapons already permitted. Neither did it prevent other qualitative "improvements" such as the development of the cruise missile and the neutron bomb. The arms race, in fact, continued to escalate after Salt I. As is well known, the U.S. did not ratify the Salt II agreement.

On a number of occasions, since the end of World War II, the American public has been systematically misled into believing in a fictitious strategic bomber "gap" (1948), a strategic "gap" (1956), and missile "gap" (1960). Subsequent evidence showed that no such "gaps" ever existed. In the meantime the arms race continued to escalate. With each new American acquisition, the Soviets rushed to catch up, and vice versa. Now we are making an unprecedented leap in arms expenditure a pre-condition for any arms-limitation talks with the Soviets.

This is not deterrence, nor is it aimed at a genuine reduction of existing arms. At best it envisions a higher plateau of "deputed" security from which alone we might enter guarded and highly limited arms negotiations. Although the language of deterrence is still used, it is curious how each new "gap" allows the introduction of weapons that were, in any case, designed and executed for production before anyone had noticed the "gap"! This is not the kind of deterrence which can be morally permitted. It escalates rather than reduces the arms race.

Many of those who are now urging American arms increases are looking to an American "military superiority" beyond mere deterrence capability — one which will give us a psychological advantage and somehow impress the Soviet leadership with our willingness to risk catastrophe. It looks to a show of superior power and the will to use it, the aim of which is not genuine security, but extended space for diplomatic and political adventures in the world. These people, of course, call themselves "realists." They speak of a "flexible" nuclear policy and "limited" nuclear wars, but in doing so, they both ignore the dangers of escalation — with its terrible risk of the actual use of nuclear weapons — and contribute significantly to this very danger. It is more realistic, in my judgment, to devote ourselves to creating the conditions of possibility for peace and disarmament. Those who minimize this danger and believe that the escalation of violence can be controlled in warfare are the ones who have lost touch with reality.

SINCE I BELIEVE the American arms policy has exceeded the moral limits of deterrence and has eroded our real security, and since there has been up until now no serious connection between American arms policy and a serious attempt to reduce arms world-wide, it is my conviction that Catholics no longer have a secure moral basis to support actively or cooperate passively in the current U.S. arms policy and escalating arms race.

I have used the language of Catholic moral tradition, of the classic just-war theory, and the nuanced but tenuous Catholic argument for a limited and interim nuclear deterrence policy. I have used this language because of our Catholic commitment to give compelling and accessible reasons for our positions in policy debates with our fellow citizens. As Catholics, we remain committed to a belief in the role of reason in helping us determine, with other men and women of good will, what constitutes the common good and what fulfills the requirements of justice. We believe that the relationship of religious faith to political debate and social action should be mediated by carefully reasoned moral considerations based on shared philosophical and cultural values. It is on this basis, and in reference to these principles, that the present arms policy of the United States can no longer be accepted by us, but must be effectively challenged and changed.

As Christians, however, we understand our deepest identity

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in another kind of language, in terms of faith and discipleship — as followers of that Jesus who taught us to love our enemies, to hunger and thirst for justice, to be willing to suffer for the cause of peace, to embody the compassion of God in human history. The Gospel urges us, furthermore, to take a special care for the poor and the suffering, both in our own midst and in the whole world. Like Jesus we have set our hearts on a message which is "good news for the poor," news of a God who fills the hungry with good things and sends the rich empty away. (Luke 1:53)

Because as a nation we have learned that we cannot afford both "guns and butter," we are presently cutting back, swiftly and drastically, on social programs for the poor, the needy, and the handicapped, in order to finance more "bargaining chips," superfluous weapons that we morally dare not ever use. We are caught up in a maddening and grotesque contest of spending and posturing that eats up our wealth and our talent. Such behavior is a contradiction of the Gospel. Meanwhile, more and more people experience the pain and frustration of poverty. Nor is it only the poor in our own country who suffer. Because of a perverse desire for superiority and invulnerability, we seem willing to risk the destruction of the planet itself, and to ignore the desperate need and hunger of millions of people in other nations of the world.

In sheer tonnage, there is more explosive material on earth today than there is food. The world is presently spending $550 billion dollars a year on arms, an amount equal to the annual income of those millions of people who make up the poorer half of the world's population. We are spending money to prepare for wars which morally could never be fought, at the rate of one million dollars every minute. Four hours of such spending could eradicate malaria from the earth. Less than ten hours of such spending would solve the entire world's hunger problem. The Catholic view of human rights, so strongly urged by recent popes, includes the right of the hungry to eat.

In 1976 the Holy See's delegation to the United Nations' Conference on Disarmament stated: "The arms race is to be condemned unreservedly. By virtue of the nature of modern weapons and the situation prevailing on our planet, even when motivated by a concern for legitimate defense, the armaments race is, in fact, a danger, an injustice, a mistake, a sin and a folly." The Vatican made explicit the connection between the arms race and world hunger: "The obvious contradiction between the waste involved in the over-production of military devices and the extent of unsatisfied vital needs is in itself an act of aggression against those who are its victims (both in developing countries and in the marginal and poor elements in rich societies). It is an act of aggression which amounts to a crime, for even when they are not used, by their cost alone, armaments kill the poor by causing them to starve."

The arms race continues to divert our moral and intellectual resources, and our practical economies, into the waste and peril of the business of war. It continues to divert our wealth and our resources away from aid, agricultural improvements, the means within our reach to end world hunger. Our deadly "bargaining chips" leave the hungry of the world without hope or means to bargain for survival. Can anyone doubt where the Gospel must lead us here? Can anyone be so cynical as to claim that a desire to feed the hungry, in these circumstances, is "mixing politics and religion"?

As Catholics we belong to a worldwide church and a community of humankind beyond our national boundaries. This can be a source of blessing for us, an opportunity to represent, in many different, concrete, and practical ways, the profound interdependence of peoples and nations in today's world. As all the recent popes have reminded us, the question of social justice is now a global question. We must judge the common good, the meaning of justice, and the conditions for the possibility of peace, by criteria wider than "national supremacy." We American Catholics must refuse to judge our national policies by mere nationalistic norms and slogans.

In fact, one major defect in the normal presentations of the classic just-war theory has been its tendency to view reality in bi-polar terms, and to base deterrence on "balances of power" instead of on achieving new institutions that could further delimit the possibilities of war. If we are to become, more and more, a church of peace advocacy, we must correct these defects. Just-war thinking tended to neglect the global implications of war. It taught that the evil of war could be justified only by a comparable good it alone could achieve; but this proportionality was calculated without adequate attention to the complex and long-term effect of arms expenditures on the developing nations. Once we are able to see these ramifications of the continued arms race in relation to world hunger and global justice, a new factor enters into our moral arguments, which must now incline the Catholic conscience toward more determined public peace-advocacy.

NOT ONLY DOES our present arms policy force us to neglect our own poor, and the desperate poverty and hunger of other nations, but there is good reason to believe that it will destroy our own economy. In a recent contribution to *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists,* one noted economist argues that our military expenditures have directly contributed to our industrial decline. He concludes that "the arms race has a deeply damaging effect on the free-enterprise economy," and also asserts that "the arms race as it now proceeds does not strengthen free institutions or free enterprise." Another policy analyst asserts that "the war economy has brought us inflation,

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technological backwardness, maldistribution of wealth, a sinking dollar, and unemployment." Still another economic historian refers to "the baroque arsenal" which helps erode our national economy by erecting a perverse hierarchy of values.

In whose interest could our present "war economy" possibly be? It is not in the interest of all the millions of ordinary men, women and children, in this country and in the Soviet Union, at whose homes and cities these insane weapons are now aimed. We should not forget the warning of President Dwight D. Eisenhower when he urged us Americans to be wary of "the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We should take nothing for granted."

The evidence for this "unwarranted influence" of an industrial/military complex is even more obvious today than it was twenty years ago when he made that statement. Of the fifty largest U.S. industrial companies, thirty-two make or export arms. Half of the nation's engineers and scientists work directly or indirectly for the Pentagon. As John Kenneth Galbraith has noted: "There is a certain reluctance in this polite and cautious age to speak of the financial interest in the arms race. Can anything so dangerous, so catastrophic, be motivated by financial interest or personal gain? But the financial analysts and like scholars are not so inhibited: they are currently and eagerly telling their customers and clients of the corporate prospects from the coming increase in the arms budget."

Many of the technical experts on arms, in fact, constitute the very group whose interest is served by arms-escalation. We must be supicious of the "expertise" of those who sell and manufacture weapons. Because self-serving interests so often lie behind the claims of this military/industrial complex, we must not allow the larger questions of public policy, especially the inescapable moral questions, to be decided by these so-called experts.

We are all aware, of course, that the United States is not a single actor in this nuclear terror. The Soviet Union does represent a real threat to our national interests and security. Clearly we have a right to genuine security. An industrial/military complex similar to our own exists also in the U.S.S.R.

I am not, therefore, advocating unilateral disarmament or an unqualified pacifism. But unilateral disarmament is something quite different from serious, persistent, even unilateral, initiatives toward bi-lateral disarmament. The goal must be disarmament, arms reduction, not merely a ceiling on new, even more monstrous, weapons.

The arms race also cripples the Soviet economy and places severe strains on Soviet institutions. It is in their interest, as well as ours, to withdraw resources from these sterile contests of arms production to other and urgent social issues. The Soviets, including their leaders, like us have children and grandchildren, cities and landscapes which they love, desires and hopes for a better future. We must not evade the real danger posed by Soviet policy, but we must refuse to "demonize" them and caricature their views and aspirations. As Christians called to love even our enemies, we must at least concede their essential humanity and search tirelessly, and with all our energy, for grounds of mutual understanding and accord with them.

I AM PROPOSING that we search together for the ways to become a peace-advocate church. We American Catholics will need to become aware of all the true facts and issues concerning the arms race. We will need to make new efforts to continue to educate ourselves about all the relevant factors. But, first of all, we must pray for a conversion of heart to become the kind of peacemakers spoken of in the Gospel. As peace advocates, Catholics will collaborate with the various existing groups and movements already active in the cause of peace.

We must use every political resource, including support for peace lobbies and pressure on our congressional representatives, to ensure that the United States returns to a minimal deterrence policy and initiates serious, comprehensive proposals for arms limitation and reduction based on parity. Successful collective bargaining initiatives always respect parity; arms limitation should attempt to guarantee security on both sides, include clear economic benefits for both sides, and be as comprehensive as possible. Real parity must be the goal in step-by-step reduction of arms.

A reduction of current armaments by one half on both sides would still guarantee a mutual capability of totally destroying the other country several times over. It would, furthermore, entail a significant program of industrial/technological conversion to peace-time uses. Such a reduction would require the leaders of both nations to confront powerful interests that have a bureaucratic and ideological commitment to the arms race. Their ability to do this successfully would represent the best test of their sincerity in moving toward deterrence as an interim strategy.

Short of an actual reduction, many are now urging a three-year bilateral freeze by the U.S.A. and the USSR on all research, construction, or testing of new nuclear weapons systems. In my judgment, nothing short of these two proposals—of reduction in half or a freeze—will be adequate strategies for the present situation. We Catholics must bear witness to the conviction voiced by Pope John Paul II in his stirring appeal at the memorial to the dead in Hiroshima last year: "Our future on this planet, exposed as it is to nuclear annihilation, depends on one single factor. Humanity must make a moral about-face."

As an American bishop, I deeply respect our nation's tradition of the separation of church and state. I would deplore, however, any attempt to turn this legitimate separation into a separation of church from society or into a privatization of religion that would divorce our faith and hope from public concerns and crucial moral questions that face us all as citizens. I would deplore any attempt to discuss the arms race merely as a "technical" issue—for example, of comparative nuclear engineering—devoid of ethical considerations or reli-

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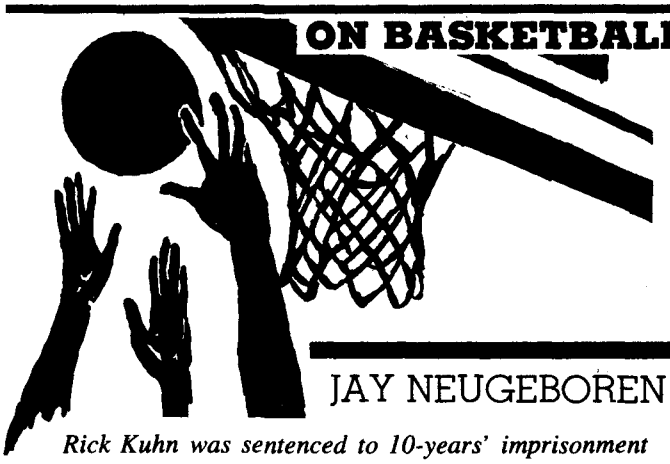
gious significance. We must all decide what constitutes the true relationship between religious faith and social justice, and I would deplore any attempt by politicians and government officials to claim for themselves some special competence to define this relationship.

The survival with dignity of the whole human race is at stake, and the terrible urgency of threatened starvation for millions of people. Can anyone really believe these are not profoundly religious concerns? Now we must find the way to allow these passionate concerns to become effective action.

On the occasion of a national congress of lay Catholics, called by the American bishops and held in Chicago in 1893, the delegates passed a peace memorial, which they sent in twenty-five languages to the rulers of nations. In this memorial they strongly protested the arms race and they urged a deeper realization that "wars do not settle disputes between nations on principles of right and justice but upon the barbaric principle of the triumph of the strongest." It is this spirit we need to rekindle in American Catholicism so that we may become a church of peace advocacy. It must be possible for us to take the words of Isaiah to heart. Swords must be turned into ploughshares. Nations must stop preparing for war.

I end with the words of the saintly American monk, Thomas Merton. His words do not deny the complexity of the issues of war and peace, but they testify in a powerful way to the new urgency that the church devote itself to peace-making as its major public responsibility and first priority: "There are activities which, in view of their possible consequences, are so dangerous and absurd as to be morally intolerable. If we cooperate in these activities we share in the guilt they incur before God. It is no longer reasonable or right to leave decisions to a largely anonymous power elite that is driving us all, in our passivity, towards ruin. We have to make ourselves heard. Christians have a grave responsibility to protest clearly and forcibly against trends that lead inevitably to crimes which the church condemns and deplores. Ambiguity, hesitation, or compromise are no longer permissible. War must be abolished."

ON BASKETBALL, BOOK-WRITING, & BETRAYAL



Say it ain't so!

JAY NEUGEBOREN

Rick Kuhn was sentenced to 10-years' imprisonment yesterday for his part in a point-shaving scheme that was hatched during the 1978-79 season, when he played basketball for Boston College. . . . Judge Bramwell rejected an appeal for leniency by . . . Mr. Kuhn's lawyer. . . .

"A substantial argument can be offered," Judge Bramwell said, "that a substantial term of incarceration imposed on this defendant will be recalled in the future by another college athlete who may be tempted to compromise his performance. . . .

"This crime has reminded millions of sports fans that athletes can be compromised. . . . Every college athlete may now come under suspicion from coaches and fans."

—New York Times, *February 6, 1982*

THERE ARE NO schoolyards in North Hadley, Massachusetts, where I live now. My three children ice-skate on the lake that I look at from my window, they bike on the country roads behind our house, they take long walks with my wife and me on the hillside across from us—through apple archards, along paths that run through forests of birch, maple, oak, and spruce, and over fields upon which, at this very moment, I can see cows grazing.

Still, the news makes its way to our small New England town that yet another set of basketball point-fixing scandals has broken. The tale comes to me on winds that seem to travel from a foreign land, and the cast of characters in the story — fixers as well as players — seems utterly unlikely: a dog groomer, a school librarian, the alleged mastermind of the $5.85 million Lufthansa theft; a potential Rhodes Scholar who worked for nothing at a camp for underprivileged children, a twenty-five-year-old substitute who'd already been a minor league baseball player, a black player not quite good enough to make the pros. How different, I think, from the fixes of my own youth! It is as if, in my memory, the fixers of my youth are legends whose names and lives are tainted by the tawdriness and shame of this new scandal. It is as if the fixers of my youth were, somehow, heroic pioneers—men who laid down their lives and talents so that others might not err in such large ways, men who risked and dared things that make those who have come since seem to be pathetic imitators.

When the first set of scandals broke in 1951, I was a scrawny thirteen-year-old kid growing up in the schoolyards of my Brooklyn neighborhood. Sports was my whole life then, and on days when I didn't work at my after-school job I'd be in the

JAY NEUGEBOREN, *the author of* Sam's Legacy *and* An Orphan's Tale, *has a new novel just out,* The Stolen Jew *(Holt, Rinehart).*

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schoolyard until sundown, playing stickball or punchball or three-man basketball. Those warm afternoons when, between games, I'd lean my back against the wire fence, my rear-end on concrete, and sip a cold Coke while I talked with my friends about the Knicks and the Dodgers and our own Erasmus Hall High School team, debating and arguing about which players and teams were best, and why — those long hours on weekends and vacations with the older guys who'd been stars on the Erasmus team before my time and who'd gone on to be All-American players in college and stars in the pros — those days seem, in my memory, endless. I'd watch the older guys with awe and longing, and I'd wait for the moment when one of them would pick me for nexts or tell me I'd made a good move or a sharp pass.

Did that first set of scandals really take place thirty years ago? I ask myself. It seems impossible, for I can still recall the name of every single player and gambler and coach who was implicated; and I can still recall with almost the same outrage and sadness — the same downward sinking of my heart — how utterly shaken I was, and how, more than anything in the world, I wanted to believe that it wasn't so.

I'd known some of the players from those first fixes — they'd gone to my high school, they'd played in my local schoolyard, they'd patted me on the back and taken me into games with them and encouraged me and given me pointers. And the others — Groza, Beard, Barnstable, Spivey, Melchiorre, Schlichtman, Grover, Chianakas, Mann, Preece, Kelly — from faraway places with strange-sounding names such as Peoria and Hardinsburg and Covington and Bradley — I'd read about them and argued about them too. I'd even cut out full-color pictures of two players from copies of *Sport* magazine and taped them to the wall above my bed. The two I chose, Ralph Beard and Gene Melchiorre, were both quick, aggressive, small guards. It might yet be possible, then, I dreamt, for a small, inflamed kid like myself, who was willing to drive through a brick wall to score a lay-up, to make it.

And there was something else about the fixes of the early fifties: though the scandal eventually spread to the Midwest, the first (and for a while the only) players to be implicated, were all from the city, all schoolyard ballplayers, and all, almost to a man, Jews or blacks: Herb Cohen, Irwin Dambrot, Al "Fats" Roth, Connie Schaff, Ed Roman, Eddie Gard, Norm Mager, Leroy Smith, Dolph Bigos, Floyd Lane, and the two greatest of them all, the two who everyone knew would not only make it big in the pros, but would, with their flashy schoolyard moves and their enormous talents, revolutionize the very style of professional play — Eddie Warner and Sherman White.

When these city boys were caught, the coaches and athletic directors from the Midwest claimed that the fixes were a uniquely city thing: "Out here in the Midwest, this condition, of course, does not prevail," Phog Allen, coach of the great Kansas teams of those years, said, "but in the East, the boys are thrown into an environment which cannot help but breed the evil which more and more is coming to light." Adolph Rupp, the "Baron" of Kentucky, whose teams in the first four postwar years won 130 out of 140 games and three national championships, declared that his great (and highly recruited) players were "just a bunch of small-town boys, just some kids from down the road." He boasted that gamblers "couldn't reach my boys with a ten-foot pole."

At the time I was crushed. I remember — less than a year afterwards — seeing Al Roth come down to the schoolyard. He'd been an All-City player at Erasmus and I'd idolized him when he became a backcourt star on CCNY's "Cinderella" team — the only team to ever win both the NCAA and NIT championships in a single year. He wore street clothes and a heavy coat, and he leaned against the fence, watching us play; he had put on so much weight — was so broad and pasty-faced — that it wasn't until a friend of mine whispered his name to me, between baskets, that I realized who he was.

BUT IT WASN'T only that the players I'd worshipped had let me down, I realize now. It was also that I kept asking myself, though not in words, what it would be like to be one of them. They'd been banned for life from college and professional sports; they'd made public confessions; some had left college; some had been given jail terms — they were outcasts and pariahs, the marks of Cain on their foreheads. *What then*, I wondered, *would they do with the rest of their lives?* If you loved basketball and were blessed with the talent they'd had, what would you do if you couldn't ever play again? What, in short, would you do with your life if you couldn't do the thing you loved?

I wasn't the only one who felt that way, I knew. When one of the fixers came down to our schoolyard — to watch, or to play some three-man ball — nobody ever asked questions, nobody ever mentioned the fixes. It was as if somebody had cancer and you weren't allowed to use the word. And if there was something tragic in the fall of Roman, Roth, Warner, White, and the rest, there was, for a time, something equally noble about the lives of those who had not succumbed to temptation. Junius Kellogg, the Manhattan College star who refused a bribe and reported it to his coach, became a national hero. The City Council of his native Portsmouth commended him, the Chicago CYO Club of Champions presented him with its annual medal, the New York City Police Commissioner awarded him a scroll of honor. At CCNY, Floyd Lane, still considered "clean" after others had confessed — played his heart out, leading a ragamuffin team to a 67-48 victory over Lafayette, and was carried on the shoulders of the students around the City College campus . . . but Lane, too, it soon turned out, had been involved in point-shaving. As one schoolyard player put it, when writing his memoirs of the period, "Point-shaving was as much a part of college basketball in the forties and fifties as the two-hand set-shot."

As the tale of the scandals began to unfold, as more and more players and schools were implicated, I began to sense, if dimly, that all was not as good and pure as I had believed. The game I loved, I was discovering, was played in a world fraught with corruption, and the only ones who were innocent, it seemed, were kids like myself, and (but only for a while) those

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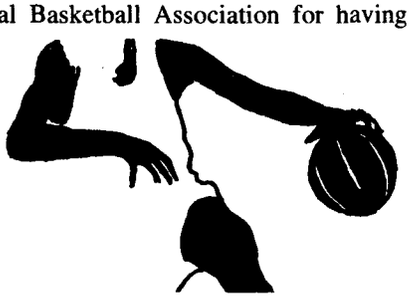
like Rupp and Allen and City College coach Nat Holman, who tried, in the shabbiest and most self-righteous ways, to disown their own players. "We must keep going." Holman said. "The game has meant too much to the youth of the college, of the nation, even the world, to be affected by half a dozen kids with a price." Yet District Attorney Frank Hogan's investigation showed that Holman had not only recruited vigorously, but had been party to the forging of the high school and college records of his players.

The fix soon expanded to include Bradley and Kentucky (most of the Kentucky fixers had already graduated and gone — as an entire team — into the NBA, forming the new Indianapolis franchise). And there were, we knew, dozens of other players quaking and waiting, players whose names were passed from mouth to mouth in the schoolyard during those years, but who were never implicated by the D.A. Those from Catholic colleges — St. John's especially — were, we told each other, being protected by a real powerhouse. That was the word in the schoolyard, and the word echoed. Cardinal Spellman's residence next to St. Patrick's, on the corner of Madison Avenue and 50th Street — the Archdiocese of New York — was known in the city as "the powerhouse." Later on, when I read about how the St. John's players were spared by "divine intervention," as it were, I would become as bitter as I'd been when I'd first heard the rumor. Because some of the St. John's boys had gone on to long pro careers, as players and coaches. Because they had never paid the price that the Jews and the blacks and the country boys from Kentucky and Illinois had paid.

THIRTEEN YEARS LATER, when I was twenty-six years old and had long since forsworn the hope of becoming a professional athlete, I began to write about the fixes of the early fifties. By this time I'd written eight unpublished books and had accumulated over two thousand rejection slips (I attacked the literary world with the same drive and persistence I'd used against zone defenses) — yet it was only when I went to the subject that had, for more than half of my life, been haunting me, that things clicked — that my literary shots, as it were, began going in. *Big Man* told the story of Mack Davis, and it was set in my old Brooklyn neighborhood in the year 1956, five years after the fixes. "I work at the Minit-Wash, washing down cars, you know?" Mack said. "That's how come I got such clean hands. Yeah, me, I got the cleanest hands of any fixer around . . ."

In the novel Davis becomes involved in, among other things, the attempt by a sportswriter to bring a lawsuit against the National Basketball Association for having blacklisted



players such as Davis. ("That's pretty good," Mack says. "What list they got for the white boys?") I did my research, I talked with lawyers, I discovered that what my instincts had told me, was true — that the NBA, involved in interstate commerce, had a monopoly, and could not conspire to take away anyone's livelihood. There were double-jeopardy concerns too — the players had been tried by the courts and, in some cases, punished. The NBA could not try to punish them again. But more important than what I discovered about the legal status of the NBA's blacklist — by putting myself into Mack's situation, into his very skin — I discovered, for one imagined human being, what it felt like to have been one of the fixers.

Say it ain't so, Joe! . . . The old plea, echoing the infamous Black Sox scandals, was in my heart. And to the question I'd asked my heroes silently, as a kid — *Why did you do it?* — Davis, with his self-protective irony, answered me: "All these guys always wanting to know why I did it, they give me a pain. I did it for money, what they think? The college paid me, I did what they wanted; gamblers paid, I worked for them; bookies paid more than gamblers, I signed up with them. Shit, man, nobody giving me an education cause they like my looks. . . ."

When the second set of scandals broke in 1961, I had, again, been touched personally. I'd seen the greatest of these fixers — Roger Brown and Connie Hawkins — playing in the schoolyard when they were in their prime (before the pros let them back in), and I ached, all over again, for their lost years, their lost careers. One of the players implicated, Doug Moe, had been a few years behind me at Erasmus and we'd played together in the Holy Cross schoolyard on Church Avenue. I recalled, also, sitting around the office of the Columbia newspaper in the late fifties, when I was an undergraduate there, and being told by the sports editor what was common knowledge around the city's schoolyards then — that the big man in the fixes, the guy the D.A. was after, was none other than one of Columbia's former greats, Jack Molinas. Alas, the word was true, and Molinas (already banned from the NBA for betting on his own team), after being caught and convicted, and after serving a term in jail, was eventually killed in his Hollywood Hills home, shot in the back of the head.

BY THE TIME I wrote *Big Man*, I realized, too, that my desire to write about the scandals was, in part, a desire to recapture the Brooklyn of my childhood — a time and place that were no longer what they had been. My beloved Dodgers — I'd been born two blocks from Ebbets Field — were, by this time, gone from Brooklyn forever. The Dodgers had seemed like an extended family when I was a kid and they'd been in their glory years. Hugh Casey's bar and grill was a few blocks away from my house, and Gil Hodges's bowling alley wasn't much further. Lots of the players had lived in Flatbush, had come to my gym in high school, my local synagogue. Some of the players — Sandy Koufax and Tommy Brown — were Brooklyn boys who'd played their sandlot ball at the Parade Grounds, where I'd played.

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But by the mid-sixties, Casey had shot himself in the head, Hodges and others had moved out, and my two great heroes seemed already to be old men: one a white-haired executive running Chock Full O' Nuts, the other a smiling and helpless paraplegic in a wheelchair. In my heart, I knew, I'd always had a special feeling for athletes like Campanella — for great players who'd been cut down in the prime of their lives — and these feelings were connected to what I felt for the fixers. For they too had had their adult lives stolen from them.

It doesn't surprise me, when I look through *Big Man* now, fifteen years later, to see that, like me, Mack Davis too is fascinated by athletes such as Pete Gray, the one-armed outfielder of the old St. Louis Browns, by Gene "Silent" Hairston, the deaf boxer, by "Pistol" Pete Reiser, the great Dodger centerfielder who crippled himself by crashing into the walls of Ebbets Field. It doesn't surprise me that I've been drawn to the lives of other players who were more sinned against than sinning, who fought, not always with success, against an unjust fate: Lou Brissie, "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, Arnie Davis, Herb Score, Lou Gehrig, Brian Piccolo, Ed Head, Monty Stratton, Darrel Stingley, Tom Smith, Maurice Stokes.

SO THAT NOW, in 1982, when I read an article that talks not of the tragedy that has befallen these young boys from Boston College, but of *how* the fix was set up, and *how* the mob was allegedly involved, and *how* the boys flubbed outlet passes and missed foul shots and met in hotel rooms, I am terribly saddened. Athletic directors still talk the way they did thirty years ago, and this is no surprise. "We're treating this thing as if it never happened," says Bill Flynn, the Boston College Athletic Director. To judge from the coverage of this new fix in the media, nobody seems shocked. Nobody seems very interested in why players should sell out or be sold out — everybody seems more interested in the *how* of it all. We are all voyeurs — peeking into locker rooms, hotel rooms, courtrooms. Everybody seems to take the commercialization of amateur sports for granted — the recruiting, the phony jobs, the inflated scholarships, the extra gifts, the under-the-table cash. After quiz show scandals and Watergate, after confessional books by sports stars about theft and rape and homosexuality and violence and drugs, why should anyone be shocked anymore by three kids who shaved a few points?

It is as if, I begin to think, the nation has aged along with me — as if the innocence I lost has somehow been lost by us all. When my two young boys debate with their friends the salaries of players as often as their averages; when we watch players sit out seasons for money; when we watch them ask to be traded; when we watch the free agent drafts and see the hardship cases leave college early; when we read the statistics on college athletes who never get degrees — despite the lip-service we pay to qualities such as pride and integrity and team spirit — who can believe anymore that the primary drive and passion in an athlete is to play as well and as hard as he can because that is what he was born to do?

And yet, I have to admit that my own childhood heroes could not have fallen so far had they not been raised up so high, had they not been bathed in glory by the very system of big-time athletics that did them in. And how luring the glory of that system remains! Despite my sadness over the corruption that surrounds young athletes, despite my anger at the way they are told, almost from the cradle, that they are valued primarily for their physical talents because these talents make big money for others — when I look through results of games in papers, I look first, not for the UCLA or Notre Dame scores, but for those of CCNY and LIU. The kid that grew up in the schoolyards of Brooklyn is still alive in me, still wishing that someday these schools will be back in the big time, will take their revenge for all the years during which they've paid the price others should have shared.

And I wonder, too, if there are still kids in the playgrounds of small towns and the schoolyards of big cities who believe the way I believed — kids who, thirty years from now, will remember the names of Sweeney, Cobb, and Kuhn, and will feel saddened that men of such grace and talent were once bought out for a few pieces of silver. I wonder if there will be kids who thirty years from now will still be heartbroken, as I was — who will still yearn to have these three players say it wasn't so.

Stage

YES, SORT OF

AFTER 'HOGAN'S GOAT,' A 'CURSE'

WHEN WILLIAM ALFRED'S last play, *Hogan's Goat*, appeared in New York, Wilfrid Sheed was doing the theater reviews at this stand; he spoke, with a kind of amused admiration, of "the old grand-piano style" with which Alfred captured a verbal convention that mixed the genuine with the consciously artificial. It is more than fifteen years since Alfred tried to make art of Irish grandiloquence and found himself with a popular success on his hands. He has returned to Brooklyn in *The Curse of an Aching Heart*, but this time the ambitions of both the characters and the playwright are smaller than they were in *Hogan's Goat*. I suppose that the style of the new play, which still mixes the idiomatic and the specific with the unrealistic, but which this time eschews verse, might be called parlor player-piano. It has its own attractions.

At one point early in the play, one of the characters attempts to establish the importance of her family by pointing out that her grandmother, or one of her ancient relatives, almost married . . . and a name came quickly, disappeared with the end of the line, never to be referred to again. I thought I heard Matthew Stanton, the protagonist of *Hogan's Goat*, but if I am inventing the reference, it is a legitimate conjuration since *Curse* is the offspring of *Hogan's Goat*. The new play takes

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place between 1923 and 1942, as against the 1890s of *Goat*, and it has moved from the public arena in which Matthew Stanton and Ned Quinn vied for power, into the private worlds in which characters struggle to hold on to an unsure sense of place and self. Although the new play includes madness, alcoholism, incipient incest, there is no flamboyance in the deployment of these elements — no bid for high tragedy, no use of grand melodrama, as there was in the earlier play. These have become part of the details of existence, like the songs, the games, the menus, the references to streets and stores and performers. "Putting those specific place names in," Alfred told *New Yorker* back in 1965, "it's a kind of instant poetry." It has become a kind of instant interior decoration which fills the minds and the speeches of the characters, attempts to place Frances Anna Duffy and her friends and relatives in time and place.

The play, performed without interruption, consists of five scenes which carry Fran Duffy from the defiant teen-ager on roller skates to the still testy wife and mother twenty years later. Her story, told in other terms, might verge on soap opera, but the surprise of *Curse* is that Alfred seems to have decided to use his attraction to the theatrical in playful ways. There are set emotional bits, particularly in the last two scenes, but much of the play seems to have been conceived to allow the playwright, the director, the designer, and the performers to have fun with a somewhat lugubrious story. The first scene, with the two girls on roller skates, sets the tone of the play. It is sentimental, nostalgic, funny, and it does allow two adult actresses to be kids again, doing a song and dance on skates. The second scene gives Fran Duffy her first real shock — a sexual attack from her beloved uncle Jo-Jo — but it also gives Faye Dunaway an appealing song that carries in its hijinks a sense of the gaiety and the underlying danger in both 1920s naughtiness and a girl's becoming a woman. Dunaway, whose appearance in *Hogan's Goat* sent her to Hollywood and stardom, is impressive all through the play, but then the performances are generally effective even when the play asks the characters to walk the line between stage type and human being. The centerpiece of the play, the long third scene in which Fran cooks dinner for each of her three suitors — the upward-mobility prig, the religious young man afraid of sex and marriage, the virginal ladies' man — is played like a series of revue sketches. This quality is emphasized by the use of the trolley car and the scenes on it as introductions to each of the sequences.

The Curse of an Aching Heart is, then, an imaginative play, handsomely mounted, a pleasure to sit through. If it has a problem — and I think it does — it is rather like the one that kept me from embracing *Hogan's Goat* as enthusiastically as many people did. The presumed point of the play in both cases seems not to grow out of the material presented. *Curse* opens on Fran Duffy, dressed in her sensible 1942 coat, as she stands in what we do not yet know is her secret place; she looks about, then turns to the audience and says, "Yes." We then go back to 1923 and work our way to 1942 again. In the last scene, her son, faced with the alcoholism of his father, the long feud between Fran and Jo-Jo and their painfully hesitant reconciliation, the madness of the aunt, his own constant humiliation, cries out against life, screaming that he will have nothing to do with it. Fran insists that he will and, he having disappeared into the wings, the final "yes," like the opening one, is directed to the audience. The Fran Duffy we have seen is a girl who insists on being her own person and who grows into a woman in whom independence embodies loneliness, alienation of old friends, a disastrous marriage, a sense of failure. And still a "yes" to life? It is possible that Alfred intends the final scene between Fran and Jo-Jo, the kiss requested and given, to have some of the force of the birthing of the calf at the end of *Heartland*, a life image in the midst of pain and despair, but the scene in the play does not work as the one in the film does. The son's expressed doubt follows the regenerative kiss, and Fran's words are not strong enough to counter his unhappiness.

If the closing "yes" is not implicit in the action of the play, it may lie in the method. The texture of *Curse*, its cheerful artificiality, its show-business accouterments may make the "yes" possible. If the limited run has not come to an end before this review appears, I would advise going to look for yourself, testing whether or not form can triumph over content.

GERALD WEALES

Screen

MISSING LINKS

FIRE WHEN READY

I ONCE HAD a professor who could read Shakespeare aloud with the original, Elizabethan pronunciation. It was quite a performance. Elizabethan English is more difficult to speak than Middle English or Anglo-Saxon because it's much nearer to our own language. The differences require a subtle tongue. It sounds somewhat like English as spoken in present-day Ireland. Yet it isn't quite like any modern English, either. It's musical, like English with a Gaelic accent, but somehow different, full of ancient echoes. It's at once both familiar and strange. Its mystery lies in the fact that it is, though something you have never heard before, also something completely recognizable. Listening to it is like an experience of *déjà vu*. You feel as if some dim racial memory you didn't even know you had, some forgotten experience buried deep in your collective unconscious, were suddenly being revived.

Like my old professor, the makers of the film *Quest for Fire* have managed to turn erudition into a performance. With the help of zoologist Desmond Morris (*The Naked Ape*) and linguist-novelist Anthony Burgess (*A Clockwork Orange*), the film speaks with authority from the very first scene. In it an early *homo sapiens* (Ron Perlman) sits watch by a fire some

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80,000 years ago. As this creature surveys the landscape before him, the expression on his face wanders back and forth between an attentiveness that is almost human and a distraction that is still only animal. At one point he eats an insect the size of a humming bird, casually stuffing the last, crunchy bits of the wings into his ponderously grinding jaws. As he does this, his eyes roll absently to one side in their sockets. It's an ocular gesture we have all seen orangutans make as they sit in their cages at the zoo. And yet Perlman manages to make the look on his face less vacant and devoid of intention than the orang-utan's. The eyes of this man-beast are set back under a bony shelf of brow as deep as the overhang of cliff beneath which the others in the tribe are now sleeping behind him. His face is as crude and primordial as the cliff's. Still, the eyes do contain some flicker of intelligence. It may be very feeble, like the glow of the single ember with which these cave people will soon be trying to transport fire. But it is there. His expression is purposeless, but expectant. He is a blank that evolution is about to fill in, a *tabula rasa* on which nature is preparing to write the first thought.

What makes *Quest for Fire* good is this kind of nuance, a subtle by-play that is going on in it all the time. The movie is really all by-play. "Quest" is a misnomer, for the term implies a holy mission, a dedicated search. The characters in the film are not capable of anything quite so single-minded as that. The activity in which we see them engaged is less a quest than a random walk. When the tribe has its fire stolen by marauding Neanderthals, the leader (Everett McGill) sets out with two other young bucks (Perlman and Nameer El-Kadi) to steal it back somewhere. They do so, though finding another tribe that has a fire going is a matter of pure luck as they wander aimlessly over the countryside. And by the time they've got what they went after, their leader is thoroughly confused by his attraction to a young female (Rae Dawn Chong) he rescued from cannibals while stealing the fire.

It is at moments like this that the film is hardest taxed to make us believe in these creatures. They exist not only before language, except of the most rudimentary sort, but also before all ritual and ceremony. The tribe to which the girl belongs does have at least the beginnings of such things. Its members are a mixture of Australian aborigine, African Noubas, and New Guinea mud people. (Not the least of the film's ironies is that her tribe, which resembles the most primitive peoples in the modern world, is the most advanced culture of her own day—far more advanced than the culture of the film's protagonists, who are clearly supposed to be *our* ancestors.) Her tribe paints their bodies decoratively, wears elaborate reed masks, and engages in hospitality or initiation rites. But his has no prescribed ways to express emotions or enact an occasion. When she leaves him, director Jean-Jacques Annaud and scriptwriter Gerard Brach have to find a way for him to vent his feelings. How do you symbolize the emotions of proto-people who are as yet without symbolisms of their own?

Torn between the need to return to his tribe with fire and the hunger he feels for the departed girl, the leader can't bring himself to leave the camp site which she fled. He moans and paces in circles. He lies down in a fetal position and sniffs the abandoned pallet on which she slept. His actions are very persuasive, even moving, and this is not the only moment at which the film makes intense feeling credible.

If Desmond Morris's function as technical advisor was crucial to the film, I suspect that equally crucial, on the creative side, was the contribution of scriptwriter Gerard Brach. He's something of a caveman himself, or a hermit anyway, for he lives alone in a Paris apartment that he never leaves out of utter fear. Perhaps this gave Brach the insight needed to convey the terror in which his characters lived. In adapting the J.H. Rosny novel on which the film is based, Brach and director Annaud probably complemented each other well. While Brach understood the pitiful vulnerability of his characters, Annaud, judging by one or two of his past films, understood how such helplessness could alternate with flashes of unbridled aggression. Certainly in *Coup de Tête*, where Patrick Dewaere portrayed a soccer player who loves violence and even attempts rape at one point, Annaud showed an appreciation for arboreal personalities.

Whatever the reason, the collaboration on the film has worked as if graced by some potent primitive magic. Ultimately the film treats its characters with a sense of humor that is possible, in movies as in life, only when we know people well—when the moviemaker is absolutely sure of his characters and at ease with them. The film has the wisdom to realize that in the evolution of man, the ridiculous must have preceded the sublime. In ancient Greece man may have achieved, shortly after history began, the greatest dignity and purity of feeling he has ever known. But at the moment just before that, he must still have been a rather ludicrous, unheroic figure, an unlikely candidate for nature to send on a quest.

By keeping its sense of humor, *Quest for Fire* keeps its balance as it walks along the ridge of time between history and pre-history. You have to laugh at creatures whose mental powers are as intermittent as these characters' are. Treed by ferocious saber-tooth cats, the three men on this quest typically lose track of their own danger and begin snacking on the leaves around them, with the result that the weakened tree gives way under their weight. It's like the old gag about the guy who saws off the limb on which he is sitting. On another occasion the girl, again showing her superior civilization, teaches the quest's leader to copulate face to face, a position that had never occurred to him before. His two cohorts, who are watching, don't know whether to be outraged or aroused. Sexually disoriented by what he sees, one of them begins making homosexual advances toward the other, who signals his disapproval in no uncertain terms.

The snarling and growling with which he does so suggest that evolution has suddenly begun going a bit too fast for his tastes. He is beating a hasty retreat from what is human, all too human, back into the animal kingdom. By being able to cross the line between the two like this *Quest for Fire* makes us feel as if we are in touch with ancestors who are so near, and yet so far.

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AMERICA'S IMPASSE

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POLITICS OF GROWTH

Alan Wolfe
Pantheon, $16.50, 282 pp.

AMERICAN POLITICS

THE PROMISE OF DISHARMONY

Samuel P. Huntington
Harvard Univ. Press, $15, 292 pp.

William B. Hixson, Jr.

A YEAR AGO public-opinion analysts were debating whether the long-awaited "Republican majority" had emerged; now they are asking how great the Democratic gains will be next November. The Republican triumph of 1980 seems destined to be followed by the Democratic resurgence of 1982. That kind of electoral volatility and the protracted economic crisis which produces it are of course now common features in almost all the capitalist democracies. But there remains something distinctive about the American situation, and to appreciate it we need only look at the growing number of Democratic politicians who seek to offer us what Sidney Blumenthal has aptly called "Carterism without Carter." No major politician so far appears secure (or imaginative) enough to even articulate a clear alternative to the deeply flawed policies of the recent past. We are, in other words, experiencing what Alan Wolfe describes in his new book—*America's Impasse*.

Wolfe argues that our leaders are unwilling to abandon the premises of what he calls the "growth politics" of the post-1945 era. He finds the origins of this "growth politics" in the efforts of Truman's advisers to get around the existing stalemate between New Dealers and their conservative opponents. These growth advocates and their successors (especially in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations) believed that establishing a favorable environment for investment would secure business confidence, while the surplus engendered by growth would permit the expansion of social services and even eradicate poverty.

Anyone who has sampled the recent literature written on the 1950s and 1960s might regard this as yet another version of a familiar story. They would be wrong. What makes Wolfe's book so illuminating is his exposition of the consequences of this strategy in all areas of policy: fiscal policy, social services, defense spending, international trade and monetary policy, and foreign aid. Again and again he makes the point that even in the quarter-century of prosperity after 1945 any strategy which began by simultaneously attempting to provide a secure environment for investment and a decent environment for the poor would end by emphasizing the former objective over the latter. (The evolution of the urban programs of the 1960s is simply the most notorious case of this.) Not surprisingly, in the more constrained economic situation of the 1970s, the latter objective would be abandoned. But, ironically, in this new situation governmental preoccupation with securing corporate profits could no longer bring about desired economic growth, a failure to which both ex-Presidents Ford and Carter can testify. Wolfe has no doubts that Reagan's particular version of "growth politics," with its emphasis on "business freedom and military strength," will lead to the same end; for in his view our society has already been "victimized by the program now being advanced to save it."

Compelling in his overall analysis, Wolfe is less persuasive in explaining the crucial historical context. He seems uncertain whether to blame the conse-

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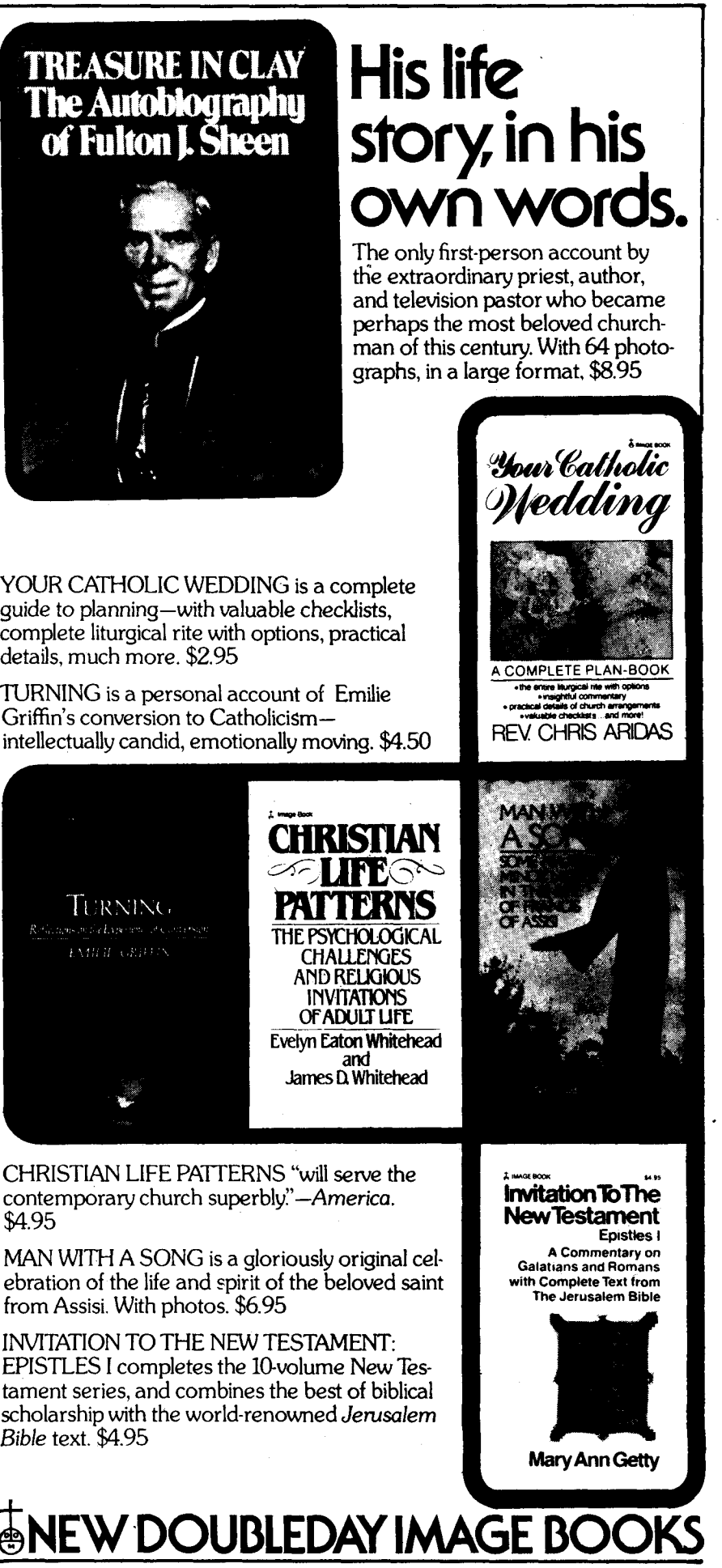
quences of their policies on the advocates of growth strategy themselves or on the forces with which they had to compromise: the large corporations, the ascendant military, the establishment interest groups, and so on. The historical alternatives which he opposes to this strategy are less clear-cut than he acknowledges. One such is the New Deal: so intent is he on contrasting it with the "growth politics" since the Truman era that he exaggerates its interest either in mobilization or in redistribution. Recent studies have tended to stress Roosevelt's own reluctance to press for further reform and, more important, the conservatism of the electorate, the fact that (as one historian has put it) "the New Deal declined after 1937 because most Americans did not want to extend it much further."

Wolfe has similar problems with the present. He concludes his book with hopeful references to those who like him are currently devising alternate strategies to "growth politics." But he has already suggested that the Republicans' victory in 1980 was due to their "more compelling case" as to which party could meet the public's expectations of economic growth. From such evidence, is it not possible to conclude that the contours of "growth politics" came not only from the need of its advocates to find influential allies but from far deeper constraints imposed by the voters?

These considerations might seem to be far removed from the argument of Samuel Huntington's new book, *American Politics: The Promise of Disharmony*, but in a number of ways that book nicely complements Wolfe's. The "disharmony" suggested in the title, the persistent tensions which have characterized American political life, come not (in Huntington's view) from class conflict on the European model but from the gap between institutions and what he (adapting Gunnar Myrdal's famous concept) calls "the American Creed." Revealing again his extraordinary command of the political-science literature, Huntington amasses empirical evidence to demonstrate that Americans are deeply committed to the Creed and to its "core political values" — "liberty, equality, indi-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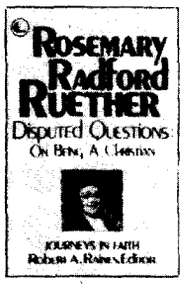

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vidualism, democracy, and the rule of law under a constitution"—so deeply in fact that allegiance to the Creed underlies our national identity.

That successive groups of Americans have tried to realize those "core values" in their political institutions is of course a commonplace. What Huntington asks us to remember is the degree to which they have persistently failed. "The history of American politics is the repetition of new beginnings and flawed outcomes, promises and disillusion, reform and reaction." Why is this so? Upon what rocks do these waves of "creedal passion" break? His answer would appear to be, upon the imperatives of governing. No government can be all the things demanded of it by the American Creed and still remain a government.

Now it is true that in much of his writing Huntington has been concerned (his critics would say obsessed) with the imperatives of governing; and it is quite possible that he sees the American case as simply one illustration of a more general conflict between popular demands and governmental authority. But his range is so broad and his comparisons so suggestive that even those who disagree with his biases cannot afford to ignore this book. What makes it particularly relevant to our discussion here of "America's impasse" is its exposition of the ways the American Creed moves in an anti-statist direction. "Opposition to power, and suspicion of government as the most dangerous embodiment of power, are the central themes of American political thought." Consisting of those most interested in realizing the Creed, American reform movements embody this suspicion. Referring not only to the Revolutionary beginnings but to the Jacksonian and Progressive eras as well, and of course to the 1960s and early 1970s, Huntington concludes that all such movements tried "to cleanse and purify government, to open up government, and to make government more democratic." The consequence of these reform movements was to weaken government, which may be one reason why the reforms so often seem inconsequential.

Considerations such as these lead one toward the possibility that the anti-statist theme in American political culture played a greater role in shaping postwar "growth politics" than Wolfe realizes. In one of the boldest observations in *America's Impasse,* Wolfe argues that, contrary to the common impression, postwar economic policy was never truly Keynesian. Keynes had assumed that a government could plan for full employment and redistribute wealth; his American disciples had to abandon the latter goal and rely on the indirect effects of business expansion to achieve the former. Thus while in principle "Keynesianism implies the use of government to influence and direct decisions made in the private sector," in practice American Keynesians were forced to rely on "the private sector to influence the scope and activities of government."

> *Before the funeral oration for the welfare state is delivered, it might be pointed out that, while domestic policy in the postwar period did indeed often fail to reach its goals, equality was not one of them. From Truman to Carter, most social policy has been aimed, not at a direct attempt to improve the lives of the poor, but instead at an indirect attempt to stimulate economic growth so that all, including the poor, would benefit.*
>
> —Alan Wolfe
> *America's Impasse*

This American departure from Keynesian orthodoxy which Wolfe describes is surely linked to the wider American hostility toward government. Liberal and capitalist in sympathies though he may have been, Keynes came from a political culture with a clear concept of sovereignty; the American economists, no less liberal, came from a culture premised on its denial. Insofar as the arguments of both our authors are convincing, it is hard not to be pessimistic. If Wolfe is right that the hope for our economic future lies in conscious government planning for a full-employment economy, and Huntington is right that our "creedal" hostility to political power forecloses such a governmental role, then how can we ever escape from "America's impasse"?

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Transfiguration of despair

A FLAG FOR SUNRISE

Robert Stone

Knopf, $13.95, 439 pp.

Frank McConnell

NIHILISM is a difficult faith to maintain in its purity; one might always find oneself backsliding into hope. And *A Flag for Sunrise*, Robert Stone's new novel, grasps so desperately at nihilism that the reader feels an exuberance, even maybe an optimism, in the very ferocity of its despair.

It begins with the discovery of the corpse of a murdered American girl stuffed into a freezer; and it ends with a dehydrated American castaway trying, pathetically, to enlist the help of a passing tourist boat. Between those two grisly scenes lies a succession of adventures, betrayals, embarrassments, and seductions — all presented in what must be one of the most convincing, and most baroque, of contemporary narrative styles.

Think about that opening and closing image: Americans victimized, but (as the book will insist) Americans victimized by their own adventurism, Americans in all their optimism and cynicism trapped in the web of their immitigable innocence (for cynicism, as well as optimism, is a kind of innocence). As an aging Central American revolutionary puts it, near the center of the book, "*Compadre*, we are all vulgarizations of history. We have to live it out day by day — life, unlike sound philosophy, is vulgar."

But the central, uncontrollable, rich vulgarity of life — what Lord Byron called "the thing itself" — disturbs and frightens us, so we run to "sound philosophy," to elegant formulations of absolute salvation or absolute damnation. And the more fiercely we embrace them, the more tantalizingly they elude our grasp. That, at any rate, seems to be the informing vision of *A Flag for Sunrise*: man is by nature a Gnostic, and reality is by nature intolerant of Gnosticism. And the middle ground between those hateful contraries is the blood battleground of human history.

This is a novel, in other words, about the killing tension between politics and the religious sensibility. It is a familiar theme in twentieth century fiction, evoking associations with the work of Joseph Conrad, Graham Greene, and John LeCarre. And I know of no higher praise for Stone's book than to say that it is worthy of such associations.

The action is set in the mythic Central American country of Tecan, where a populist revolution is aborning. But the focus is not on the process of revolution itself, nor on the personalities or culture of the Tecanecans; it is, rather, on the experiences of four North Americans — idealists all, in their various ways — caught up in this minor whirlpool in the flood of history. It is a parable: not of innocence and experience, but more seriously of innocence-and-experience *and* the brutal facts of history that defeat both those idealisms.

The four Americans do not all meet until the last quarter of the book, when the revolution — the brutal fact itself — has begun. Father Egan, an alcoholic and latent homosexual, is in charge of a failed mission, about to be closed down, in Tecan. He is also, between bouts of drunkenness, at work on a long book of theological speculation designed, apparently, to reconcile modern man to universal doubt by a synthesis of Christian, Oriental, and Gnostic beliefs: a shabby Teilhard, in other words, possessed by visions both muddled and moving. His one assistant at the mission is Sister Justin Feeney, a young woman torn by her sexuality and her religious commitment, and drawn closer and closer to the idea of the revolution as the only truly efficient realization of her vow of service: a less secure Joan of Arc, if you wish.

Frank Holliwell, on the other hand, is neither mystic nor incipient activist. He is an intellectual, a drunken burn-out, a professor of anthropology who has done work for the American Intelligence Community in Vietnam and been perma-

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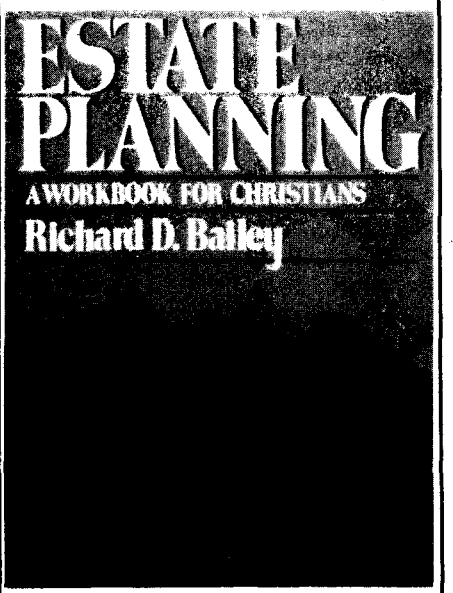

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nently, bitterly disillusioned by that obscene war about the chances for morality in politics. Shelley, in *The Triumph of Life*, asks "why God made irreconcilable/Good and the means of good." It might be the epigraph for Holliwell's life. But, on a lecture junket to the country bordering Tecan, he is requested by a CIA friend to investigate the rumors of a possible revolution in Tecan. Reluctantly, he does; and finds himself once more seduced into hope. Like most seductions, it turns out disastrously.

The fourth major character of *A Flag for Sunrise* is Pablo Tabor. A Coast Guard deserter and a half-crazed, violent speed freak, Pablo is hired by a cheerfully amoral set of gun runners, the Callahans, to accompany them as they make their delivery of weapons to the Tecan revolutionaries. Pablo is pure, selfish need and appetite. Completing the quaternity of idealisms which the novel explores, he is the sheer incarnation of the self as *hunger*, as the desire to survive and dominate regardless of the cost to others. Mad and murderous, he is of all the characters in the novel the closest to the central horror of existence without meaning. As Holliwell reflects about him during their climactic encounter, Pablo's insane selfishness "glistened in a billion pairs of eyes. Comforting to think of it as some aberration, a perversion of nature. But it was the real thing, he thought. The thing itself."

A mystic, an activist, an intellectual ironist, and a narcissist: these are the four personalities, or the four sides of a single personality, whose adventures, tensions, and interchanges Stone's novel explores. And it would be a disservice to the reader to reveal how that conflict turns out. For, besides being a novel of power and depth, this is also a thriller of the first order. Indeed, in the tradition in which Stone works, the tradition of Conrad, Greene, and LeCarre, the concepts of "metaphysics" and "thriller" are virtually indistinguishable. We are all, these stories tell us, subversives and secret agents; spies trying to decipher the hidden code of our own lives; double agents, emissaries from some kingdom of meaning cast adrift and alone, without reliable contacts, in lands of chaos and uncertainty.

It can be observed, though, that the story is not only conceived, but *told* beautifully. Stone is careful to keep the four major characters as far apart from one another as possible until their inevitable meeting in the last quarter of the book, so that when the meeting finally does occur, it has all the force and logic of a tragic catastrophe. And, just as murders and other acts of violence in Greek tragedy were always assumed to occur offstage, so does the revolution in *A Flag for Sunrise* recede into the background of the story as the story itself progresses. You have to read rather carefully, in fact, to decide if the revolution in Tecan succeeds or fails. And that is as it should be, for this is not really a novel about historical change, but about the ways we react to historical change: and about the ways we can free ourselves from our bondage to change.

For if it is a book of ferocious nihilism, a post-Vietnam novel, *A Flag for Sunrise* is also a book that entertains one, slim, vulnerable, but nevertheless compelling hope. Think of the title itself: the book is *about* the chances for sunrise. And past all our nihilism, irony, selfishness, and mysticism lies the possibility of something that can transfigure those vices into the *stuff* of possibility.

It is not the most reassuring of beliefs. But in this post-Vietnam, post-Watergate, post-Vatican II, mid-Reagan novel, it is quite as much reassurance as we are entitled to. "Know the one about the Demiurge and the Abridgement of Hope?" Holliwell thinks to himself near the end of the book. Well, of course, we do. We know the joke that is the last two decades and more of American life, we know (don't you?) what the abridgement of hope is all about, how insidiously The Thing Itself encroaches upon and cheapens our expectations. And still we believe in sunrise, still we try to find a love that will last in *this* world, that will unify the mystic, the revolutionary, the intellectual, and the hungry, mute self each of us carries within.

A Flag for Sunrise is an important political novel precisely because it is

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such a perceptive religious novel. And if it can be associated with the novels of Conrad, Greene, and LeCarre, that in itself is news, and an indication of a new trend in the American sensibility. For Conrad, Greene, and LeCarre can be considered the elegists of Britain's dreams of empire and the explorers of that vaster, richer territory of the spirit that lies beyond the hope of triumph over history. Robert Stone is the first American writer I know of who shares that melancholy, that maturity, and that bitter sanity. And if his novel is fierce in its despair, it is even fiercer in its unvoiced suggestion of a sensibility that renders despair itself mute before the absurd, unending possibility of love.

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Grace Lichtenstein
Doubleday, $14.95, 348 pp.

THE CINDERELLA COMPLEX

WOMEN'S HIDDEN FEAR OF INDEPENDENCE

Colette Dowling
Summit Books, $12.95, 230 pp.

IN THE RUNNING

THE NEW WOMAN CANDIDATE

Ruth Mandel
Ticknor & Fields, $12.95, 256 pp.

Valerie Hendy

GRACE LICHTENSTEIN's choice of women who strike her as daring and possessed of machisma is baffling indeed. We get the feeling reading through *Women and Daring* that when a flamboyant character was willing to grant Lichtenstein an interview, the former *New York Times* reporter felt impelled to fit her into the book somehow.

How does rhythm and blues singer Bonnie Raitt's between-song banter about male sex organs rate as "daring"? Why is a businesswoman, often mistaken for a prostitute by hotel clerks because of her penchant for picking up one-night stands in hotel lobbies, perceived as bold? Why does skier Suzy Chaffee, who once sent the pope a pair of roller skates—and distinguishes herself chiefly in Lichtenstein's eyes not for performance on the slopes but between the sheets—rate inclusion in the book at all?

These three women might have gone by a name other than "macha" in the eyes of an earlier generation. Public vulgarity, promiscuity, and self-promotion apparently represent some sort of breakthrough for women by Lichtenstein's standards.

The author does, however, explore the lives of some women who regularly risk their lives for fun or as a means of making a living. It is in these portraits that the book is most successful, and a few of the women are truly fascinating individuals, like racing driver Janet Guthrie. Most of the others seem profoundly disturbed, immature, or merely marking time wrecklessly, until their death wishes are consummated.

Perhaps the problem with this poorly organized book lies in Lichtenstein's definition of "macha":

> Let's start by saying she makes things tough for herself, and then deliberately makes them tougher. She jumps at the chance to climb Annapurna . . . She picks up the check at lunch with a male companion in an expensive restaurant and flashes a gold American Express card to pay for it . . . She flies

REVIEWERS

WILLIAM B. HIXSON, JR., *teaches recent American history at Michigan State University.*

FRANK McCONNELL, *the author of* The Science Fiction of H.G. Wells *and* Storytelling and Myth-making *(Oxford), is presently working on a study of the fiction of Graham Greene.*

VALERIE HENDY *is a newspaper reporter living in New Jersey.*

DAVID T. OZAR, *associate professor of philosophy at Loyola, Chicago, teaches and writes in social philosophy, law, and ethics, especially medical ethics.*

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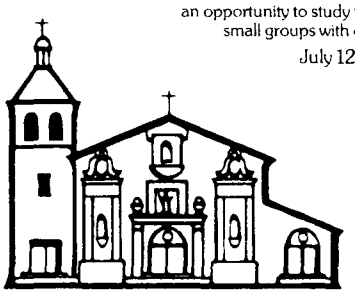

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—Francis Canavan (in *National Review*)

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—William Gavin (in *Human Events*)

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first class to Hawaii for a weekend on a whim . . . She subscribes to *Field and Stream* and hides *Vogue* in the bathroom . . . She lets male campers know that her backpack is five pounds heavier than theirs . . . She manages to let slip how many men she's dated in the past week . . . The macha woman 'goes for it.'

Lichtenstein is unintentionally more to the point about macha when she describes a woman who treated her badly during a disillusioning trek in the Himalayas. "Her behavior," she writes, "revealed the darker side of machisma, the strutting and showing off to accomplish small gains or to get an edge on people whom she felt were not her equals."

Colette Dowling thinks that deep down, women are not macha at all. In fact, she believes, they are no more desirous of scaling the Himalayas than having to make the monthly fuel payments with the labor of their own hands.

Dowling found that after supporting herself and her three children for years, her desire to do anything other than cook, clean, and tend her garden dissipated after moving to the country with a new lover. Up to then, her life had not been easy. A whiz kid who had blitzed through Catholic high school by sixteen and college by twenty, she got pregnant one month after meeting the emotional wreck of a man who was to become her husband. She struggled to make a living as a writer and to look after her husband, whose frequent hospitalizations forced her into single parenthood years before his death.

But Dowling refused to see her later lapse into domestic bliss in the country as a reaction to her exhausting struggle as a wife and breadwinner. Rather, she saw in her new, more peaceful life the symptoms of a slavish attachment to the idea of "being taken care of," which she dubs "the Cinderella Complex."

There's more to her theory. She perceived the change in her own feelings about dependency as being typical of the universal female condition. "Any woman who looks within knows that she was never trained to feel comfortable with the idea of taking care of herself, standing up for herself, asserting herself . . . ," she writes.

Dowling bases her theory on the scantiest of evidence. Mingling her own experience with a skewed sampling (women only), a dash of "feminine psychology" and selective interviewing (women only), Dowling concludes that women are their own worst enemy.

Women are at the bottom of the corporate heap, she maintains, not because of a long history of lack of opportunity and discrimination, but because the bottom is where women feel most secure. An automotive executive tells Dowling that women have to be pushed up the company ladder kicking and screaming. And she believes him.

Ruth Mandel's *In the Running* is a fine and serious book that, unfortunately, may not find the mass market audience that Dowling's has already attracted. *In the Running* is a political primer, a well-researched guide to the machinations and frustrations of being a woman running for office.

Mandel, director of the Center for the American Woman and Politics at Rutgers University, observes at close range the way the political fortunes of women candidates have risen and fallen over the past decade.

In interviews with dozens of women who have run for local, state, and national office, Mandel finds that the quest for financial backing is one that inevitably preoccupies women candidates, in part because of a prevailing sentiment in the male-dominated world of politics that asking for money is not a ladylike thing to do.

But ask they must — sometimes more often than their male counterparts, and sometimes with less success. It is a sign of women's growing political savvy, however, that more and more are running and winning at the grass-roots levels of government.

Even so, Mandel notes, the changes are progressing "glacially." "We are still a novelty act," laments Colorado Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder. Mandel skillfully examines the novelty, and in so doing contributes to our understanding of the newest group to enter the smoke-filled rooms.

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A guide for the perplexed

HOW BRAVE A NEW WORLD?

Richard A. McCormick, S.J.
Doubleday, $15.95, 440 pp.

David T. Ozar

IT IS NOT UNCOMMON that, when an author has acquired a certain degree of prominence, a publisher will gather up articles that have appeared in a variety of different journals and collections, and publish them in a single volume. But few such volumes offer much more than a convenience for scholars and a tribute to the author.

Richard McCormick's *How Brave a New World?* is different. The reason for this is twofold, having to do first with the plan of the book, the way in which the themes in it are presented, and secondly having to do with the development of McCormick's own reflections, the way he approaches a set of questions and wrestles with them and responds to them.

Rather than presenting his previous articles in chronological order, as is often done in such collections, McCormick has gathered tham together according to topic: (I) General Methodological Reflections; (II) Experimentation and the Incompetent; (III) Abortion, Morality, and Public Policy; (IV) Contraceptive Interventions; (V) Reproduction Technological Genetics; (VI) The Preservation of Life; (VII) The Quality of Life.

Within each of these divisions the articles are organized in such a way that the reader can follow the development of McCormick's own understanding of the issues involved. The effect is that of learning along with him. Thus the format makes reading McCormick's book carefully and thoughtfully an education in the issues it covers.

The second and more important reason is that McCormick is an excellent scholar to learn along with. First, he never just starts out in the middle of things, presuming that everything that goes before the questions at hand is already understood. Instead he begins patiently mastering the questions; their presuppositions, their historical roots, the concepts on which they depend, the range of possible answers to which they seem to point. He is not marking time here or simply scoring academic points; nor is the process slow-moving. It is amazing and illuminating how much can be learned in really mastering a set of questions; and McCormick is a master at it.

Secondly McCormick never simply issues his own judgment on a question without carefully considering the alternative approaches developed by other thinkers. If there is anything which borders on being excessive in this book, in fact, it is the extent to which the judgments and supporting arguments of Paul Ramsey, Joseph Fletcher, and many other serious thinkers on these issues are doggedly explained, examined, and debated. But, for McCormick, it is precisely in comprehending and comparing diverse judgments and diverse ways of reasoning in support of them that we make progress towards truth. Thus, though these reports and examinations of other thinkers are sometimes repetitious as the reader proceeds from section to section of the book, still they always shed light on the questions at hand and enrich the effort to answer them.

Thirdly, when McCormick develops an approach for responding to a set of questions, he does not rest pat with it. Rather he takes it to parallel and related sets of questions to see how it fares there. The effect is almost always to deepen our understanding of his insight and our grasp of the underlying connections between the sets of questions involved. Thus, for example, the insights developed in connection with the issue of proxy consent for experimentation involving children are then applied to issues regarding the morality of research on fetuses, to the benefit of our understanding of both issues. Similarly

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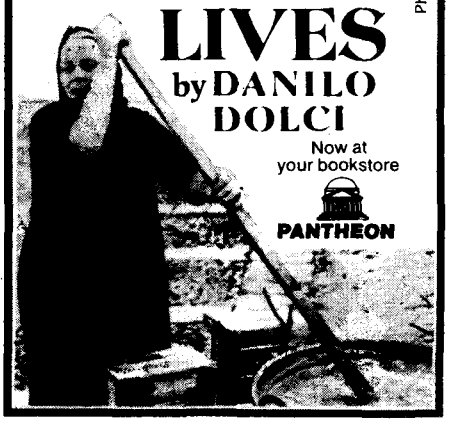

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"The ancient languages are the scabbard which holds the mind's sword" (Goethe).

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Michael Cadnum
The Horse

The sinews of the angry mare grow taut,
hard as the impenetrable future
as she tries to pull the stump.
Tries and fails. The taproot
locked-in dives to
something trees even
dead are a part of
staying in branches underground
as the soul of a man
open on a table beneath surgeons
reaches like black lightning into earth.

John Robert Quinn
Stranger

Several times a week
He can be seen
Walking across the bridge,
Time-sprung, lean.

Lugging an armload of books,
He walks his thin
Shadow home. Nights keep
Both of them in.

In summer he cuts through the park
To weed the urns
At the soldiers' monument—
Foxtail from ferns.

Pausing to let the world
Pass him by
He finds it hard to believe
That he is I.

Harry Humes
Through the Ice Tree

An old apple over on its side,
ice-covered by last week's storm.
I enter its outer limbs.
Ice brushes my face,
breaks against my legs,
clicks of secret places,
Zero's precision coats the day.

Near the center,
the air's a hawk's eye.
The season's grain stiffens.
I listen for what's there:
a freeze of blue syllables,
a hiss like deep water.
Through the rest of the tree
I reckon by smaller
and smaller North.

On the other side
I need not look back
to know my eyes
have left no marks,
nor that the day
smolders with heartwood.

John J. Golden
Mens Sana

Tonight when that bubble in my belly burst,
Blood and water flowed.
Dreaming,
I sought no healing mothers.
I needed none.
My flated aneurism
Told me I was whole.
I heard bells and drums!
Huge bells and mighty drums!

Charles Pratt
Raking Leaves in New England

Liberated, laid off, have it either way,
These fallen leaves for me are only work.
I'd rather leave their brilliant litter lay
To pleasure grass and children, but my rake
Drags me responsibly across the lawn
As if it were the branch to which I cling
Against the wind that brings vain beauty down.
The dark pure men alone will stand till spring.

David Bissonette
The Mind

Suppose it is true:
suppose from the beginning
a bird has waited in the silence
of each branch—

promise me
that when night comes
every one will have sung,
or be singing.

Le Roy Smith, Jr.
Demonstration

The blurred slot
  Of the subatomic
  Particle
  Is quality eluding

Measurement
  And demonstrating
  That what things seem
  Is part of what they are.

Jack Lindeman
Quandary

Shall I say there is love
in the offing,
a candle that burns
though completely concealed
so that all in darkness
seems swallowed
and I on my legs
with nowhere to go
am like one who gropes
against metal
or being mentally ill
dream all my acts
inside a lacuna
between the actual of things?

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McCormick's reflections on the Catholic church's teaching on contraception shed light on the moral issues connected with sterilization. His thoughtful reflections on genetics and genetic planning shed valuable light on such reproductive interventions as artificial insemination and *in vitro* fertilization, and so on in many other parts of the book. At every turn, as article follows article, our understanding of the underlying issues, of the links between the various sets of questions, and of the fundamental values and principles of human action that are at stake in these issues grows deeper.

Richard McCormick invites a wide audience. That he is a Jesuit and a theologian does not mean that his treatment of issues like abortion and contraception is either narrow or biased. For readers who expect such narrowness, however, a word on the book's "Catholic connection" may be helpful.

The underlying ground of reflections on bioethics, McCormick holds, is what he labels "essential ethics, those concrete demands thought to be valid of and to apply to all persons precisely as human persons." Moreover, the Catholic Christian tradition has held "at least since the time of Aquinas that revelation and the faith experience originate no new concrete moral demands that are in principle unavailable to human insight and reasoning." What faith, revelation, and the tradition of Judaeo-Christian reflection do is facilitate our grasp of the truly human, "steadying our gaze on the basic human values," which are often obscured in a particular culture's ways of articulating, mediating, or even simply ignoring them. For McCormick, these basic truths of the human can be grouped in most general terms under three heads: the dignity of the individual person; the social character of the human person; and love as the crowning human relationship. It is against this reflective background that he wrestles with questions, examines alternative approaches, and proposes his own cautious, carefully defended responses.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

How Brave A New World? deserves the attention of all those who teach, preach, or counsel on the issues of bioethics. But this book also deserves the attention, perhaps even more, of those persons who are concerned about these issues, perhaps even quite anxious about them, and who would like to do some careful thinking about them but who judge themselves in need of a guide, preferably a clear writer who is thoroughly versed in the issues, preferably a reflective and insightful thinker, and perhaps for some, preferably also a fellow Christian. For such pesons, in truth for anyone interested in a serious examination of these central issues of bioethics, *How Brave A New World?* is an excellent book.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 130)

for a crackdown and may be implicated, Jaruzelski's action is in fact understandable on Polish terms. Few Western governments would have taken as much, and this perhaps explains the honesty of Mr. Trudeau's reaction. The War Measures Act was invoked in Canada on less provocation. The head of Canada's Postal Union was jailed for a year for affirming the right to strike in the face of legislation enacted after the strike was called. As I write, transit workers in Montreal have been legislated back to work.

I do not believe that any Western government would tolerate the imminent threat of a general strike in support of demands for a thoroughgoing social revolution, including, for example, the right of workers to hire and fire management.

My own priorities would give precedence to lower food prices over interest payments to banks, but few governments would agree. Brazil, with a $22 billion foreign debt that consumes over thirty percent of export earnings in debt service, could not live with a solidarity movement. Brazil's trade unions have never threatened the status quo to the extent that Solidarity did, but they were not tolerated.

Cold war rhetoric is, I think, an impediment to understanding. Denis MacShane's article [Jan. 15], provides an excellent example of an attempt to understand Poland on its own terms, rather than through the distorted mirror of cold war rhetoric. JORDAN BISHOP

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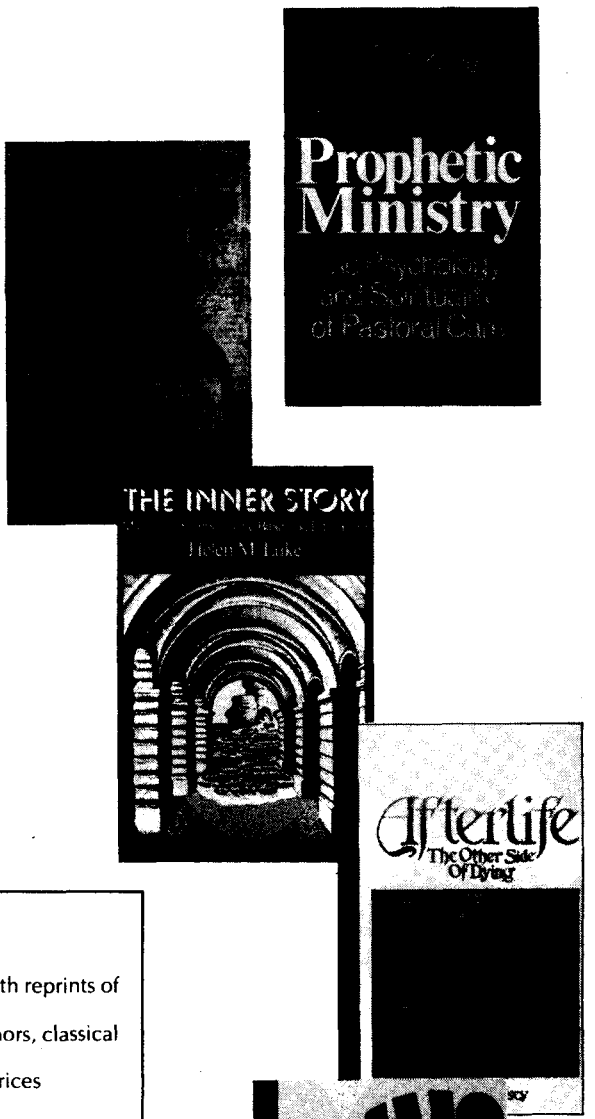

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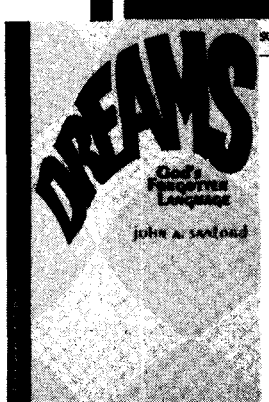

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